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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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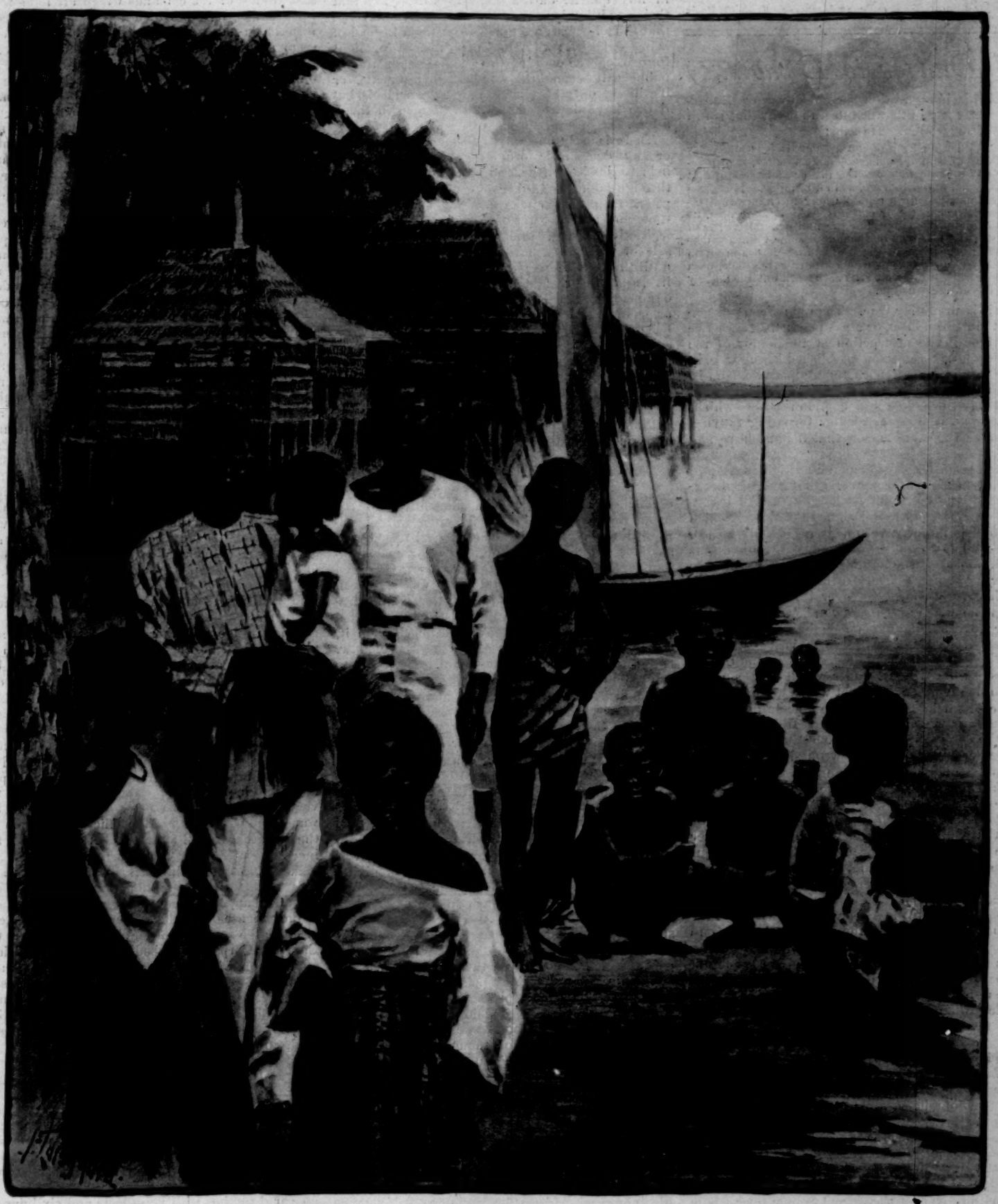

OUR NEW CITIZENS—A NATIVE FAMILY IN ILOILO.

DRAWN BY F. LUIS MORA FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 41.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 14, 1899

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A Danger to Democracy

IN his inauguration speech Governor ROOSEVELT gave utterance to a thought that is full of suggestion. He said:

Under no form of government is it so necessary thus to combine efficiency and morality, high principle and rough common-sense, justice and the sturdiest physical and moral courage, as in a republic. It is absolutely impossible for a republic long to endure if it becomes either corrupt or cowardly; if its public men, no less than its private men, lose the indispensable virtue of honesty; if its leaders of thought become visionary doctrinaires; or if it shows a lack of courage in dealing with the many grave problems which it must surely face, both at home and abroad, as it strives to work out the destiny meet for a mighty nation.

This is absolutely true. The republican government must be honest, or cease to exist. It must be moral, or invite destruction at the hands of the people whose forefathers established it, and who, in their turn and their epoch, maintain and defend it. It must be efficient if it is to be respected, and it must have principle and common-sense—which, by-the-way, is none the better for being rough—for much the same reason that it must have morality.

The reason for thus demanding high ideals and commensurate performance is that there is no excuse for democracy unless its government is naturally on a higher moral plane than that on which any other kind of government necessarily stands. If the people do not grow in grace, if humanity is not ennobled, if the humblest citizens are not the better for it, there is very little to be said in favor of self-government. Moreover, if it is not just and honest, popular government can be worse than any other government which men have ever yet invented. The tyranny of the majority—and we have had more than one taste of it in the United States—is the bitterest under which man can suffer, for it invades every right which he holds dear, and every neighbor may help to administer the unjust laws which oppress him. It does not matter whether the tyranny be honest or dishonest, it is often cruel and generally wrong-headed, because it is often an attempt to change those habits and tastes which are properly beyond the jurisdiction of government, and it is almost always the result of ignorance and fanaticism. Indeed, it may be said that while it is possible for an arbitrary ruler to be intelligent, and even beneficent, intelligent action by a republic is never tyrannical; for majorities, at least in America, as a rule, cannot be induced to be unjust and tyrannical if their reason is appealed to. When they are oppressive they act hastily and passionately, or in obedience to bigotry and prejudice, generally inherited and always blind. In the same way corruption is not the natural expression of popular government, but means either that the people have been deceived, as they often are by political scoundrels, or that they have become indifferent to their duties. So long as the people themselves are not actually corrupted there is more hope of recovery from a bad state of affairs in a democracy than there can be from like conditions in a monarchy, for the people have only to comprehend and keenly feel that their servants are unjust or wicked, and the remedy is applied. On the other hand, a bad monarch is simply bad himself, but a corrupt democracy is a corrupt state, and the source of power is foul. There is hope that a bad monarch may be succeeded by a good one, or that the decent people over whom he rules may rebel and overthrow him. When the people themselves are corrupt nothing good can be expected from their government. Evil must prevail everywhere, and the honest minority must suffer wrong and injustice, without the solace of hope of any escape except through the destruction of the republic in which such things are possible. In a republic the people are the source of government, and while a bad government may exist for a time without corruption of the people who are really responsible for it, it cannot exist long without infusing its moral poison into the whole body of the state. When the whole country, represented by a majority of its voters, becomes as bad as QUAY or CROKER or TANNER, for example, the republic will not be worth saving.

It is the office of democracy to lift up humanity. Through its establishment man may attain his highest possibilities, and it has accomplished, or at least it has hastened, the great blessings which we enjoy at the end of the nineteenth century, including the gains of science, and the application of its laws to the promotion of health and the increase of comforts and of happiness. If our republic should fail in this work; if at any time or in any quarter of the globe men may say that their condition is worse for the rule of democracy; that their liberties are taken from them instead of being enlarged; that darkness instead of light follows on the rule of the people—then the republic will become the worst of governments, for it will not only have shattered its own ideals, but it will have destroyed the faith of men in themselves.

There is only one way in which the republic, or any democratic form of government, can be held to justice, virtue, and efficiency, and that is through honest administration of its laws by competent men. It is true that we must at some time, and that not far off, have a reform of our legislative system and of its personnel. The sale of legislation, however, will not be stopped until the boss is dead; and if the boss continues to live, and is to remain much longer at the head of our party system—a system in the essential character of which Governor ROOSEVELT asserts his belief—we shall have an end to the republic, without doubt. Temporarily we have it now in some States and in most large cities; but we have faith that the boss and his legislative underlings, who sell laws to ready purchasers, are not for always, perhaps not for long. Granted a proper representation of the people in the personnel and the acts of the legislative body, the greatest danger to our institutions at the present time is ignorant, corrupt, and inefficient administration; and the evil of this will grow apace after we have once established colonial governments, unless in the mean time we devise a system under which administrative officers shall be chosen for merit, and shall be left to the discharge of their duties unhampered by politicians with favors to ask and pulls to work. For several years we have been very slowly working towards a better administration of our civil service, and it is to be regretted that the first serious attack threatened upon it, since the passage of the first, the PENDLETON, law, is now said to be in contemplation. If we are to succeed in the colonies, the merit system must be applied much more largely and with greater particularity and detail, as well as with a much more extensive scope, than was ever contemplated before; indeed, with our new possessions in mind, we must contemplate a service based on merit, and in which the tenure of good behavior, and promotion based on excellence, in the lower branches of the service, shall be leading principles, and which will be greater in numbers and importance than was our entire civil establishment before the war with Spain. Not only will we do our new subjects the injustice of giving them bad government if we depend for the administration of affairs upon such men as the party managers recommend to the President, but we shall vastly extend the source of evils which now affect our political system. We shall multiply the poison which is constantly threatening the whole body-politic—an insidious poison readily assimilated by a passive people, such as we are sometimes accused of being. We do not know to whom especially Governor ROOSEVELT referred when he spoke of the "leaders of thought" who become "visionary doctrinaires," but we are not aware of any men more visionary—whether they can be called "doctrinaires" we doubt—than those who believe that we can properly govern colonies under a system of appointments to executive and administrative offices which does not rest on merit, and which does not contemplate continuance in office during good behavior. Whatever Governor ROOSEVELT may have meant by this expression in his inaugural address, he would probably agree with us that nothing could be more visionary than to hope for good and efficient administration of colonial government under the spoils system, for he believes, we are sure, as we do, that the welfare of the republic depends upon honest and efficient service, upon character, morality, and high ideals, and that every departure from this tends to corrupt the source of power, to the injury of democracy, and to the destruction of the particular form of democracy in which corrupting conditions prevail.

Army Organization

IF we are to have army reorganization and a larger force, it ought to go without saying that none but military considerations should be taken into account in the preparation of the bills for that purpose. Moreover, we are not only just through with a war with a weak power, which taxed our military resources to the uttermost, but we are taking upon ourselves the government of distant possessions which for years to come will require military administration. In view of the weaknesses in our army system which were revealed by the war, and in view of the demands which are to be made upon our officers and their forces in distant colonies for an indefinite period in the future, it would seem as though our legislators should approach their task in the proper spirit, and with a desire not only to increase the army, but greatly to improve its efficiency. Admitting that the necessity of increasing the army is the most impressive fact to the Congressional mind in connection with our new departure, what hope is there for the enactment of wise laws for the civil government of our new islands if Congress cannot now enact a law for reorganizing the military force on a purely military basis, and without regard to politics?

The important facts, so far as the army is concerned, that were developed by the war with Spain were the splendid quality of the line of the regular army and the inefficiency of the staff. We say nothing of the volunteers, for nothing was added by the war to the knowledge of that class of troops of which intelligent military men were not aware before the war broke out. The officers and men of the line were an honor to the country, and added new glories to the flag under which they serve, with sterling loyalty and courage and with great self-sacrifice, in peace and war. Of all our public servants, the officers and men of the army and navy are, as a body, the most faithful and the most devoted. Those who love their country best are stimulated to hope for the greatness of its future when they read of the splendid achievements of its soldiers and sailors. It is so to-day; it has been so throughout our history; and these citizens in uniform are types of the plain American citizen who never serves the country except when service means sacrifice and danger. We shall never tire, we hope, of sounding the praises of our valiant regulars, for when we do we shall have lost faith in American institutions and in the worth of American character.

It is strange that there should be need of any plea in behalf of the line at this time, when its achievements are so fresh in the public mind, but that the plea is needed must be clear to any one who will take the trouble to analyze the bill which has been reported to the House of Representatives by its military committee. We shall not discuss this measure in detail now, but we shall return to the subject again. We shall content ourselves now with the statement that this bill is for the promotion of inefficiency, for the exaggeration of the very evils whose existence was disclosed by the war—evils from which the officers and men of the line are the chief sufferers. It is a bill for the increase, but not for the reform, of the staff. It makes places for volunteers, some of whom are, indeed, worthy of recognition, but not one of whom should be appointed into the regular establishment at the expense of regular officers. It makes places, also, for the appointment of civilians even into the Engineer Corps. It embodies a direct and vicious attack upon the artillery arm and upon its instructed officers, who have earned their commissions in that arm by good work as cadets at the Academy. It is a bill, indeed, in which fitness and training are not considered at all, or inadequately considered, for examinations for the determination of mental efficiency are not to be required even where efficiency is most requisite. In preparing this measure, so much were the volunteer and the civilian in mind that, as the bill originally stood, there seemed to be no place for regular officers in the staff corps, and no exemption as to the age limit that was expressly devised for the benefit of volunteers. Therefore an amendment was submitted in effect putting regular army officers on an equal footing with volunteers and civilians.

If we are to have army increase, the line should be the first consideration; and if there are to be rewards and honors scattered about—and well there may be—let them be for those who won the battles in Cuba against the Spaniards and despite the staff.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

A READER and friend of the WEEKLY takes exception to a recent passage in this department of it which spoke of the American family of Leiters as presumably of Jewish origin. Perhaps the mere fact that a man's first name is Levi and that he has a genius for trade is not enough to raise a presumption that Jacob was his ancestor. At any rate, this informant says that Mr. Levi Z. Leiter grew up at Leitersburg, Maryland, and comes of Pennsylvania German stock, and that such of the Leiters as still live in Leitersburg go to the German Reformed Church.

Another correspondent writes from Oklahoma, giving corroborative testimony of much interest to the same effect. He says:

> I have known Mr. Levi Zeigler Leiter personally since 1862. He is a native of Leitersburg, a village six miles from Hagerstown, Maryland—a village started by his grandfather. My own home, and that of my father and grandfather, was but four miles from that place.
>
> I also well remember Mr. Leiter's father, Joseph Leiter. His father's family and his mother's family—the Zeiglers—were German Lutherans, belonging to the very best German immigration which ever came to this country—that which settled in southern Pennsylvania and northern Maryland in the eighteenth century.
>
> Both Leiters and Zeiglers have, for a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, been esteemed to be, by all who knew them, families of the highest integrity and moral purpose.

So it looks as if the Leiters never had any Jewish forebears. So much the more credit to them for getting on so well in the world without that advantage! Jewish ancestry is not nearly so much the fashion as it should be. Think what extraordinary merit the Hebrew stock has! Think of its talent and tenacity and wonderful vitality! Professor Ripley has been telling us (in the *Popular Science Monthly*) that if one hundred Jewish infants and a hundred American infants, born, say, in Massachusetts, begin life the same day, half of the Americans will have died within forty-seven years, while the first half of the Jews will not be gone before the end of seventy-one years. So Lombroso says that of 1000 Jews 217 die before the age of seven, while of 1000 Christians 453 die before that age. Evidently the Jews are either a great deal tougher than other folks, or they know better how to live.

THE second vote of the graduates of Harvard College on the question of granting to the graduates of all the schools of the university the right to vote for overseers resulted in a reversal of the vote taken a year ago. The first vote was in favor of extension by 1749 to 1359. The second vote was against it by 2782 to 1481. The change of sentiment is very decided. Perhaps it is partly due to the fact that Boston folks are just now cordially opposed to expansion of every sort; but the argument that seems to have appealed most strongly to the voters was that the schools were full of graduates of other colleges, whose first allegiance was to those colleges, and whose ideas and opinions were formed in them before they came within the sphere of Harvard influence, and that it was inexpedient to give to such men a voice in the management of Harvard. There were many voters, for example, who could not see the propriety of inviting a Yale man who happened to have been through the Harvard Law School to help in the selection of Harvard overseers. The objection was not that the Yale man would do a mischief with his vote, but simply that he was and always would be a Yale man, and didn't want a voice in Harvard affairs, and ought not have it. There are graduates of the schools, however, who, not being identified with other colleges, are true Harvard men in feelings and interest, and who ought to have a voice in Harvard concerns. Their votes Harvard is not likely to gain at present, and that is matter for regret. The recent vote, however, does not necessarily settle anything. It lies with the Massachusetts Legislature to say who shall vote for Harvard overseers. The bill to extend the suffrage, which was introduced last year, passed the Lower House, but, being opposed in the Senate, was referred to the next Legislature, which is now in session. It might now be passed, but in view of this vote of the graduates that is not likely.

DAWSON, so lately associated with Alaskan gold-fields, has become an ambiguous name since the recent strike in Colorado. The new gold camp of Dawson City is far up in the Greenhorn Range of the Rocky Mountains in southern Colorado. The new city is not a namesake of its arctic sister, but is named for the three Dawsons, who, with two companions, own the Copper King claim, in which about a month ago they stumbled upon gold in surprising quantities while blasting to make a level place for a wood-pile. Their quest for a year past had been for copper.

NO appearance of manifest destiny is available to simplify the selection of a new president for Yale. Next May the corporation is expected to choose a successor to President Dwight, but who he will be seems as yet to be entirely undetermined, and it is not even clear what sort of a man he will be—whether of the type of President Eliot or a college president of the older style. The tendency of the day, however, is to choose men of affairs and of demonstrated executive capacity for presidents of great universities, rather than men of especial distinction in scholarship, and the belief that it accords with fitness that college presidents should be doctors of divinity is not so widespread as it used to be. It is not expected that the new president of Yale will be a clergyman, because no one at present seems to have a clergyman in mind who is conspicuously suited to the place. Judge Taft of Cincinnati and Professors Woolsey and Hadley of New Haven are among the possible candidates whose qualifications have been discussed.

Yale, by-the-way, seems to have parried successfully the attempt of the New Haven assessors to make her pay taxes on her dormitories and other income-yielding local real estate. The decision of the Connecticut Supreme Court holds as exempt from taxation the dormitories and other college buildings, and every other piece of Connecticut real estate which the university owns, the annual income of which does not exceed $6000.

THE Young Men's Christian Association lost one of its oldest and most efficient leaders in Robert R. McBurney, general secretary of the association in New York, who died on December 27, at Clifton Springs, New York. Over thirty-five years ago Mr. McBurney, then twenty-six years old, became secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in New York, so that he saw and took part in nearly all its development. The association now has fourteen branches, and owns eleven buildings in New York alone, while, as every one knows, it has spread all over the United States and Canada, and is strong in Europe.

JEFFERSONIAN simplicity may have suffered some impairment from the decision of the justices of the New York courts to wear gowns, but there is no complaint, and the innovation seems to be generally approved. Gowns are becoming to judges, and most judges seem to like them. They add somewhat to the dignity of the courts, and doubtless have an effect even upon the attorneys and counsellors who do not wear them. New York is a town well qualified to set a fashion in such things, and it is probable that gowns will grow familiar in all the higher American courts. They have long been worn by the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and have agreed well with the judges of the New York Court of Appeals, who have worn them long enough now to form a sound opinion as to their effect.

IF Mr. Keely of Philadelphia had a secret, it died with him, but he left behind some apparatus, upon the possibilities of which a Boston inventor, Mr. T. L. Kinraide, has been appointed to meditate. To him the material evidences of Mr. Keely's dreams have been shipped in twenty large packing-cases, and he says he will think about them for a year and see what comes of it. Mr. Kinraide was a friend and, to some extent, a confidant of Mr. Keely, and is believed to know more of what the deceased inventor had in mind than any one else. He makes no professions of ability to work out Mr. Keely's problem, but merely says he will look into it as far as he can, and try to determine, after due investigation, whether there seems to be a fighting chance to solve it.

It is interesting to notice the announcement of the death, on January 5, in London, of Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, Mr. Keely's faithful friend and backer. So far as is known, she believed in him to the end, and afforded him the means to continue his experiments.

THERE is reason to believe that Mr. Oscar Strauss, of New York, who went to Turkey as successor to Minister Angell because there was important business to be done there, has made excellent progress in accomplishing the special undertakings he had in view. There were four of these undertakings—(1) to have an exequatur issued to our consul at Erzerum, (2) to secure passports for travellers to the interior of Turkey, (3) to secure payment of damages for destruction of property belonging to American missionaries, and (4) to make a treaty recognizing naturalization. The first two jobs were promptly accomplished after Mr. Strauss reached Constantinople. The third important and difficult undertaking is understood to be this far along, that the damages have been assessed, the ministers of the Sultan's council have advised payment, and finally the Sultan has ordered payment. This means money, so far as anything that is not cash can mean money in Turkey. The naturalization treaty remains to be negotiated, or did remain at last accounts, though Mr. Strauss may by this time have accomplished that too. The report seems credible that Mr. Strauss's line of diplomacy is greatly admired in Constantinople, especially by the representatives of other powers.

THE detective story entitled "A Sender of Cyanides, or The Athletic Club Mystery," which is now running in the newspapers, is one of the best constructed and most interesting of the remarkable series which has recently been offered to readers. Stories of the detection of criminals are lawful forms of entertainment, and so far as morals go it seems not to make much difference whether they are true tales which one reads in the newspapers or fiction served between covers. In the case of the dismembered bath-man, in that of the woman whose pieces were disclosed by the receding tide in Connecticut, in the candy-poisoning case, where the victim lived in Delaware and the murderess has just been convicted in San Francisco, the interest was not in the taking of life, but in the following up of clews and the discovery of what was hidden. It is an intellectual interest, and lawful to indulge.

In the athletic-club mystery now running there is such excellent entertainment that we need to stop and remind ourselves that the thing was not gotten up to amuse readers, but is a real tragedy, in which the life of an innocent person has been sacrificed. At this writing two chapters a day are being published, and we are assured that the police are confident that they are on the trail of the murderer, and that his arrest is imminent. The indications that a previous crime of the same sort was successfully accomplished adds interest to the elucidation of this one.

It is gratifying that this current story is free so far from all complications which would make it unsuitable for family reading. In this respect it has the advantage of the recent lively narrative of the Moores, which, though abounding in morals and of great dramatic interest, revealed too much of the wickedness of this world to make it miscellaneously desirable as literature.

THERE was not much fighting in Puerto Rico, though, as every one knows, the ends for which fighting is usually necessary were duly accomplished. But though bloodshed was minimized, there was warfare, and if any one doubts it he is invited to examine two pictures given elsewhere in this week's WEEKLY. One of them represents the Alfonso XIII. Infantry as it appeared in the Colon Plaza, Mayaguez, Puerto Rico, on the 10th of August, 1898, just before its meeting with the Eleventh United States Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel D. W. Burke, that afternoon, at Hormiquero. The second picture represents the same band of Spanish soldiers entering Mayaguez as prisoners, four days later, after an engagement with the Eleventh Infantry near Las Maris on August 13. In the ambulance in the rear Colonel Loto and Lieutenant-Colonel Ossez, captured officers, are riding. Evidently the fighting in those parts was not of so mild a character but that very nice-looking soldiers could get seriously mussed up in it.

THE distinction of having held a Presidential commission longer than any other civil officer in the United States is claimed for James E. Dumont, Supervising Inspector-General of Steam Vessels, who was appointed on November 24, 1876, by President Grant. When appointed he was the seventh man to hold the office since its creation, six years before. He originated the present system of inspection.

IT appears that the story that the late Calvin Brice had a hand on the rope that pulled down the Vendôme Column is probably true. At any rate, Mr. Brice's acquaintances say that when the complications in Paris that succeeded the Franco-Prussian war became acute, Mr. Brice, who was then a young lawyer in Ohio, became extremely interested, and felt that he must have a hand in what was going on. He could speak little or no French, but he hied him to Paris, and got as much into the thick of the scrimmage as he could. His friends say that his narrative of his experiences was prodigiously interesting. It seems that he was ready for whatever was going; that he introduced himself to the Communist leaders as an ardent friend of freedom from America, and made himself exceedingly acceptable to them. His inadequate command of the French language limited his opportunities of usefulness, but he got the freedom of the city in the form of an order permitting him to go where he pleased and do anything that seemed to him timely and expedient. So indorsed, he went about and enjoyed himself, and when the sport waned he came home.

The writer of the great American novel will do well to take note of Mr. Brice, and try to inform himself about his ups and downs and ins and outs, including his views of life and turns of thought. He seems to have shared in full measure the conviction of Tyson, the late Australian millionaire, that "the little game" was better worth while in itself than the mere acquisition of the stakes. He loved to rub the lamp and see the genie hump himself.

THE Waring fund is complete. It is a fine thing that it should have been gathered, and we all owe a debt to the men who have raised it. Colonel Waring is still constantly in the public mind. Not a snow-storm comes to New York that does not remind us that we have lost him; not an eye is blinded with the dust of Manhattan on a windy day that does not grow moist as it recalls him.

MRS. PHŒBE HEARST seems bent on leaving the world far more beautiful than she found it. It will be remembered that she provided for an elaborate competition among the architects of America and Europe for the best plans for the reconstruction, on a grand scale, of the grounds and buildings of the University of California. Now she has undertaken a like labor in behalf of the city of San Francisco. She has formally proposed to set the minds of the ablest engineers in the world at work on plans for rearranging the streets of that town, opening and grading new boulevards, and constructing a new system of sewerage. The city hears her proposal gladly, and it is pointed out that inasmuch as San Francisco has no debt, there is no reason why such plans as Mrs. Hearst may provide should not be carried out.

We have no Mrs. Hearst in New York, but it is gratifying to notice that our Architectural League has the needs of our town on its mind, and lately spent an evening discussing plans for the city which include many grand projects for civic beatification.

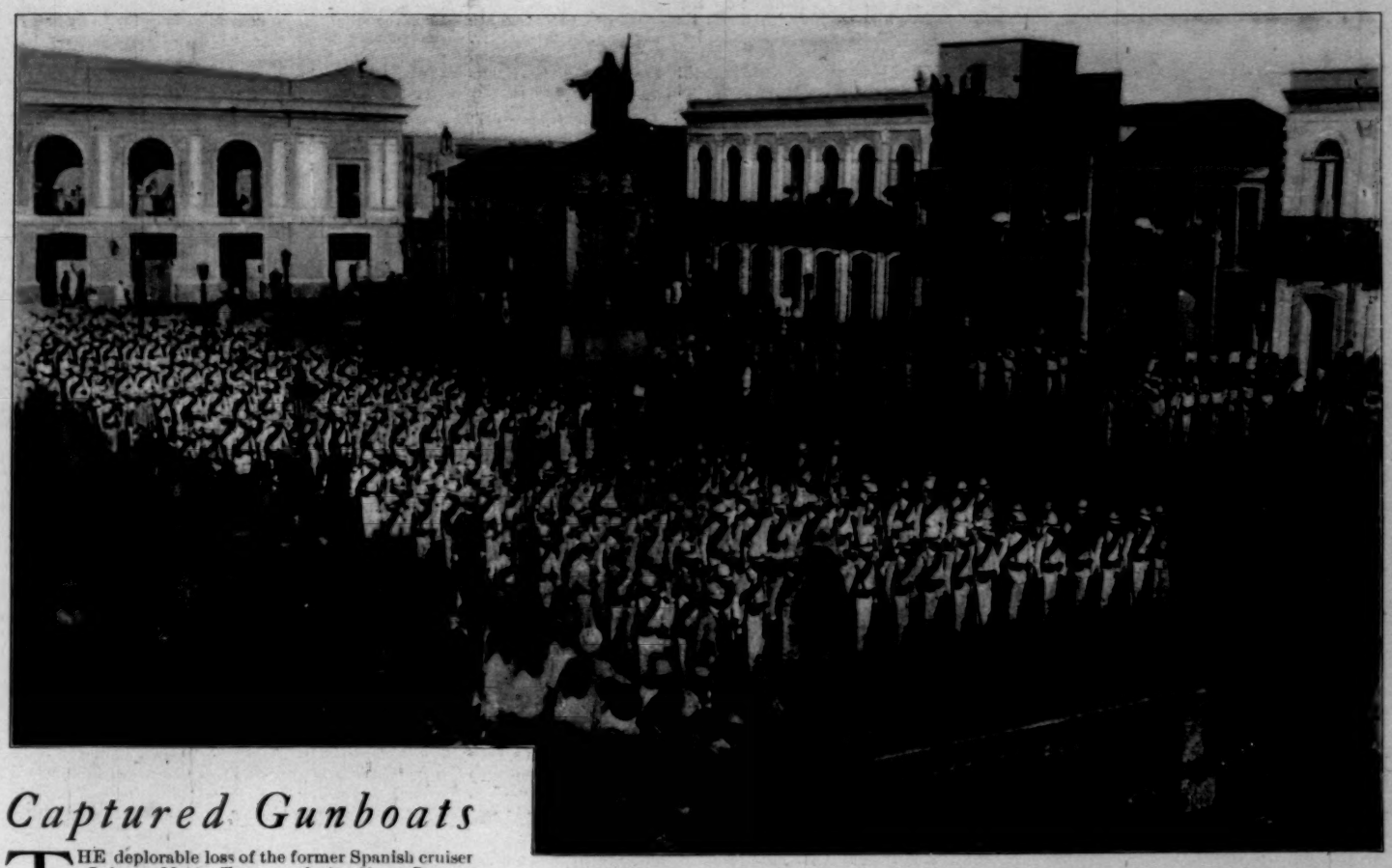
SPANISH TROOPS GOING ABOARD LIGHTERS, FOR EMBARKATION ON TRANSPORTS FOR SPAIN.

UNITED STATES TROOPS AT MARIANAO.

UNITED STATES ARMY TRANSPORT AT SAN JOSÉ DOCKS.

UNITED STATES TROOPS IN CAMP AT MARIANAO, NEAR HAVANA.

THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION OF HAVANA.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. A. COHNER.



THE ALFONSO XIII. INFANTRY LEAVING MAYAGUEZ, AUGUST 10, TO MEET THE 11TH U. S. INFANTRY.

THE ALFONSO XIII. INFANTRY ENTERING MAYAGUEZ AS PRISONERS, AUGUST 14.

AN ECHO OF THE PUERTO RICO CAMPAIGN.—[SEE PAGE 31.]

Captured Gunboats

THE deplorable loss of the former Spanish cruiser *Infanta Maria Teresa*, and the Navy Department's final decision not to attempt to raise any more of the sunken war-ships of Cervera's squadron, leave us with only two small trophies of the naval campaign in Cuban waters. They are the tiny Spanish gunboats *Alvarado* and *Sandoval*, and in size they are not as large as some of our converted yacht-gunboats. The two are sister ships, being identical in all important essentials. They are 110 feet long, 8 feet beam, and 5 feet draught. Their rating is that of torpedo-boats, although, strange to state, they have no torpedo-launching tubes. Their engines are in excellent condition, and it is believed that they can be altered to develop high speed. The two vessels will be remodelled at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for which navy-yard they sailed from Norfolk last week, touching at Annapolis in order to let the cadets inspect the trophies.

The boats came from Guantanamo Bay, where they were fitted out under the supervision of Captain McCalla. The *Sandoval* is commanded by Lieutenant A. Anderson, the gallant young North-Carolinian who cut the cables at Cienfuegos, under fire, in an open boat. Lieutenant Victor Blue, the first American naval officer positively to locate Cervera's squadron in Santiago Harbor, commands the *Alvarado*. She was one of the gunboats captured when Santiago surrendered.

The *Sandoval* was dismantled and wrecked by her own captain when he saw that escape from the American fleet in Guantanamo Bay was impossible. The breech-blocks were broken off and thrown overboard, and the guns otherwise rendered useless. The vessel was then sunk, the captain afterward explaining to Admiral Sampson that his ship was in a sinking condition, and went down before he could beach her. The *Sandoval* was afterward raised and refitted by Lieutenant Anderson, under the supervision of Captain McCalla.

The little vessels had a hard time between Cape Fear and Norfolk. A heavy gale accompanied by fog forced them to anchor off Point Lookout. Later they proceeded, and owing to fog could scarcely find Ocracoke Inlet, through which they entered the safer waters of the sounds. They were forced to anchor several times, completely losing each other in the impenetrable fog. While in the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal they had a narrow escape from destruction by collision with the end of a long raft, but skilful navigation extricated them.

A. MCKAY GRIGGS.

THE CAPTURED SPANISH GUNBOAT "SANDOVAL."

THE CAPTURED SPANISH GUNBOAT "ALVARADO."

LILLI LEHMANN,
Soprano, of The Maurice Grau Opera Company.

MUSIC

"I declare to you before God, as a man of honor, that your son is the greatest composer that I know, either personally or by reputation; he has *taste*, and beyond that the most consummate knowledge of the art of composition."—Haydn to Leopold Mozart.

"....Poetry in the opera ought to be absolutely the obedient daughter of music."—Mozart.

AROUND the score and the performances of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," during about a hundred and a dozen years of its life, a special literature has crystallized. The admiration, the affection, and the reverence of one generation after another of the highest musical authority (quite apart from the mere public sense of its supremely beautiful traits) have lauded the opera only the more formally, decade by decade. Mozart has this in common with Raphael—the untaught sense is captivated by him, so lucid and so immediate is his appeal to a temperament at all æsthetic; while at the same time he is the musician's musician. Few of the greatest music-makers have failed to take off their hats to him on one occasion or another; appreciative of him, even to admitting their own inferiority to his spontaneous and consummate genius. Let us take another genius, one not a world removed from Mozart by any means—Rossini. Rossini is asked which of his—Rossini's—operas he most esteems, and Rossini answers, with his wink of incredible slyness, "Oh, 'Don Giovanni.'" Meyerbeer finds, "My obligations to the incomparable 'Don Giovanni' often seem humiliating." Gounod says, "The score of 'Don Giovanni' has exercised the influence of a revelation upon the whole of my life—a pinnacle beyond which it is impossible to advance." Even Wagner, absorbed in himself, and seldom quitting his quintessent egotism, could speak with respect of "Don Giovanni" and of the four greater Mozart symphonies. We shall never pass beyond "Don Giovanni" musically and dramatically, not even in "The Wedding of Figaro." In that other miracle of opera the dramatic seriousness had not to attain an equal height.

Mozart as the "Musician's Musician."

I think that some of us—perhaps a great many—came away from a certain performance of Mozart's work the other evening, at the Metropolitan, feeling that, in spite of our recollections of great representations of it in the past and despite endless testimonies to its inexhaustible splendors, never before had we heard "Don Giovanni" so sung. This production of "Don Giovanni" was expected to be exceptional; a cast had been announced possible only to so special a company. We awaited much—yes; but we came away conscious that we had received more. In the distribution, the *Donna Anna* was Lilli Lehmann; the *Donna Elvira*, Madame Nordica; the *Zerlina*, Marcella Sembrich; the *Don Giovanni* presented Mr. Victor Maurel in a rôle with which his name is peculiarly associated; Mr. Edouard de Reszke was the *Leporello;* Mr. Salignac sang *Ottavio*, Mr. Carbone was *Massetto*, and as the *Commander* we had Mr. Devriès. Not all these could rise to the Mozartian situation. That was plain, "whoever is who." Like Shakspere's minor characters, Mozart's smallest parts deserve and often demand artists not small. Who has ever heard a "Don Giovanni" production which satisfied his sense of the unity of beauty and dignity and charm latent in the work? Only those people easily satisfied. But on this rare occasion we had an assemblage of singers in the obviously greater rôles, that, Hamlet-like, "struck us into amazement and admiration." I could run over in my mind, merely as one professional auditor, a noble list of representations, ordinary and extraordinary, of "Don Giovanni," at which I have been present during many years, in the greater operatic centres of the world, from New York to the Carpathians, apart from those of purely routine merits. As such a reflective listener, at least, I could find few that approached this memorable night, and none whatever that advanced beyond it in its nobler and more necessary qualities of a Mozartian, a Don Giovannian, exposition. Those performances historic to the same house did not reach its fulness. If one wishes to save himself harmless from the charge of extravagance of enthusiasm, why, let it be duly admitted that Mr. Maurel's voice has lost its resonance in many tones, and that his superb art lacks something of the caressing seductiveness that pertains to the winning *Lothario* of Seville. Granted, too, that Madame Lehmann is not youthful, however noble and elegant in her maturity, and that of the power of her lower notes time has been a thief. Mr. de Reszke sings and acts *Leporello* to perfection; but a six-foot *Leporello* is not desirable. Madame Sembrich does not dress *Zerlina* in keeping—but there! that is all that one can possibly find as a flaw in Madame Sembrich's *Zerlina!* Mr. Salignac sang admirably—for Mr. Salignac, but *Ottavio* stood for Campanini's best Mozart work, and Campanini's tenor in it was glorious. Madame Nordica was lovely in physique and full-voiced, yet hardly as impassioned as the abased and abused *Elvira* should be. Yet stop! For is not one already running straight into the danger against which we must be guarded—the asking for too close a realization of Mozartian ideals. As has been said, at the height of "Don Giovanni" almost *all* are ideal. We have not characters, we have allegories—proud, evil, lovely, graceful, bucolic, self-sacrificing, servile, injured—set in a frame of matchless and divine melody and clear drama. Mozart owed much to Molière, and even more to Lorenzo da Ponte, his librettist—an ally who lies buried obscurely in our own city after his Columbia College professorship and operatic career. But the greater glory ever is to Mozart. On one assumption that came, so to say, face to face with the Mozart conceptions the other evening, no one present ever ought to fail to dwell with all the ardor due it. That was Madame Lehmann's *Donna Anna*. It is a great thing to give us an unsurpassable *Fidelio*, a really typical *Norma*, a *Brünnhilde* without peer. But to put before us a *Donna Anna*, such as Madame Lehmann can present, classic, dominant, and musically triumphant, through all the length and breadth and depth of "Don Giovanni's" chain of music and words! It means the apex of an exceptional singer's high career.

"Don Giovanni" as sung last week in New York.

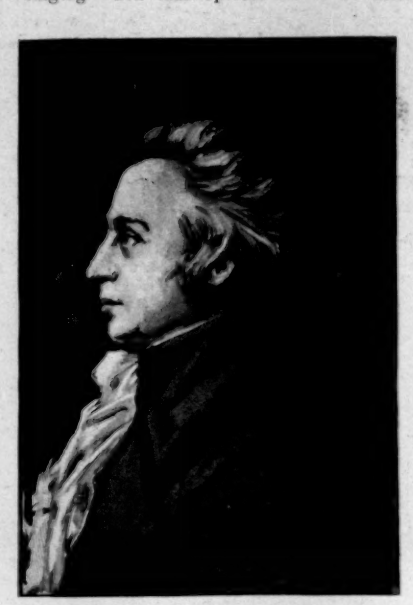
Apropos of Mozart's hero, we have, many of us, seen acted, in France, Molière's "Don Juan," which was drawn from a Spanish drama by Molina. More of us, probably, have heard Mozart's opera. Some staid general readers, too, at last will admit familiarity with the non-heroic hero of Byron's brilliant fantasia. But not every one knows that Don Juan was a real personage, and that the natural course of a Sevillian rake's career has been not so much exaggerated as given a supernatural ending. There were, in fact, two Don Juans of Sevillian life and evil-doing. One was Don Juan Tenorio (this suggests that Mozart shouldn't have made his hero a baritone) and Don Juan de Maraña. The latter outlined the disreputable, charming, and classical rascal of the theatre. Don Juan de Maraña was a young Sevillian, rich and unprincipled as could be found. Exactly as in the plays and in da Ponte's libretto, Don Juan de Maraña killed, out of hand, the father of a young and noble lady of the city, whom he had wronged. But it was well enough known that Don Juan de Maraña was the murderer, and the unhappy young lady—the *Donna Anna* of the affair—had no need to go about the country so intrusively, endeavoring to trace the slayer of her parent by his seductive voice. There was no secret about the matter, though much scandal. The real Don Juan was brought to justice, or rather to lynch-justice, under curiously simple circumstances, just the sort to be effectively distorted for an opera. The dead Ulloa had been a benefactor to a Franciscan monastery of the city. Ulloa's body was buried in the monastery garden. One night, at a supper, Don Juan declared to some guests that he would be willing to have the statue on the tomb of the Commander as a guest at his table, at any time. This was merely bravado, and there that part of the incident ends. The Scene in the Cemetery never occurred, much less the statue's awful visit, with which Mozart's trombones and other instruments awake to freeze our blood. But a little later Don Juan was inveigled into a festivity in the Franciscan establishment. A fire broke out suddenly, it is supposed *not* by accident. Don Juan de Maraña did not escape from the wing of the building consumed. He was burned to death. The Franciscans declared that fire had fallen upon the villain, from heaven, as he sat with them. Hence the coloring given the story with the visit of the "statua gentilissima" and after that the devils and flames. The story is a curious example of how fact and fiction can be interwoven.

The Historic "Don Juan."

VICTOR MAUREL,
Barytone, of The Maurice Grau Opera Company, as *Don Giovanni*.
Photograph by A. Liebert, Paris.

It is not worth while to come out of such performances as was this one of "Don Giovanni" pontificating as to whether the audience (enormous and representing, it was stated, about twelve thousand dollars' worth of tickets) came because it was a great "prima-donna performance," with so many stars all flashing together, or whether they came with Mozart as the first thought in their hearts. The end justifies the means. "Don Giovanni" is worthy any glory in its vehicle, at any time. It was a Mozart night more than it was a prima-donna night. Exactly such has been the effect of the two extraordinary "Nozze di Figaro" representations that have drawn vast audiences. On the strength of such evenings we are having a "Mozart season" rather than a Wagner season. It means a kindly and priceless grace. We may thank Mr. Grau for it with a warmer tone than for all the Nibelungen Cycles, cut or uncut. Our New York musical world, so styled or actual, for some time has needed more Mozart and less Wagner, and it is getting it. It needs just such great lessons in true musical beauty, balanced by classic dramatic power, to recall its traitorous wits. They should remind those who need the reminders, of the more vital and eternal principles of æsthetics in opera-making, of the beauty of true proportion in a composer's message, of the absolutely beautiful in music (if we ever meet with the absolute in beauty anyhow or anywhere), in the indispensableness of the finest singing when masterpieces are to be delivered.

A Mozart Season.



WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.
From the "Dora Stock Portrait," 1798.

Such scores as "Don Giovanni," such representations, are like the Catholic doctrine of works of supererogation by the saints. They make amends for the impudently elaborate efforts of many later music-writers, among them a goodly number of notables, to induce the world to believe that ugliness is loveliness. They atone for the hundred and one occasions when a *chef-d'œuvre* is maltreated by artists whose voices or intelligences cannot rise to it. In "Don Giovanni," when it is so fittingly illustrated, we can realize, too, that where Mozart is accused of a lack of depth in his graver emotionality, the fault is with those who do not realize his Greek conservatism, with those hearers who do not realize that *Donna Anna* is to be an avenger, *Donna Elvira* to be avenged, without tearing their passions into tatters and shrieking dissonances. Mozart has, indeed, as Haydn declared, "taste." The short word "taste," in considering "Don Giovanni," contains a dozen larger words. Aside from Mozart's surpassing Mozartian mastery of orchestration and dramatic development of opera, there is only one other composer of whom we are likely to think quite justly for comparisons when thinking of Mozart. That other one is Schubert. But Schubert did not possess the Mozart sense of proportion. Schubert had not the Mozartian idea of composition in its finer and architectural meaning. Mozart as a "divinely inspired melodist" has no peer, and he built his musical structures with unerring grace and strength of outline.

The portrait of Mozart presented in connection with these paragraphs is one not familiar to the public; but it is one of the two that we have reason to believe are truthful likenesses. Most portraits of him are made into Olympian music-gods in wigs and powder, such as Mozart never was—with his small figure, delicate features, fair hair, simple expression. The likeness in question is that drawn by Dora Stock, the friend of Schiller and the near relative of Theodore Körner.

Mozart Portraiture.

No; beyond Mozart we shall never go. We ought never to fancy ourselves musically wise or enlightened in getting away from him. We turn our backs on the descending white light of music in such a withdrawal. He is like an inspired child that shall lead us, in his seriousness and his simplicity blent into buoyant youth. He did not live to grow old. His operas reflect that fortune. When all of us are dust, "Don Giovanni," "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Die Zauberflöte" will indeed flourish in their immortal youth. We may expect echoes of them whithersoever we may go; for there can be nothing more beautiful to fill our ears—Anywhere. E. Irenæus Stevenson.

Music will never outgrow Mozart.

Mr. Howell Hansel as *Geoffrey Tempest.* Miss Mary Shaw as *Lady Sibyl Elton.* Mr. John E. Kellard as *Prince Lucio Rimanez* (Satan).

A SCENE FROM ACT III. OF "THE SORROWS OF SATAN," AS PERFORMED AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK.

Lady Sibyl: "If you will not love me I will stab myself, and call out to *Geoffrey* that I killed myself to save his honor!"

DRAMA

VERY much to my surprise, the paragraph with which this department closed a fortnight ago has been construed into a personal attack upon Miss Rehan. It was never intended as such, and, in point of fact, it was quite the reverse, being a tribute to her as one of the most accomplished actresses of the American stage.

Miss Rehan as *Madame Sans-Gêne.*

In reviewing the first night of Miss Rehan's appearance in Sardou & Moreau's "Madame Sans-Gêne," there is particular need to keep in mind the vigor of her powers and the breadth of her intelligence. First performances are notoriously apt to be misleading; but the first performance of the revolutionary washer-woman was a complete reversal of what one is justified in expecting. In the prologue Miss Rehan acted at the part of the Latin Quarter blanchisseuse, but she quite failed to act it. One felt that there were two people on the stage: one was Miss Rehan in person, and the other was the washer-woman she was obviously trying to impersonate. She was far too much Miss Rehan to be *sans-gêne*. In the first act, when the washer-woman was endeavoring to live up to the estate of a duchess by the aid of dancing-masters and costumers, there was a similar discrepancy. She was so studiously the blanchisseuse that it was not possible to believe in her for a moment as a duchess, even of the upstart world of Napoleon. Because of the breadth of the comic situation here, the act went off with good effect, but as an impersonation the part was artistically as undeveloped as in the prologue. The last two acts were similarly defective, though the defect was somewhat obscured by the greater rapidity of the action. Throughout Miss Rehan was obviously ill at ease. Her manner lacked the fluency of perfected art, and at times she was at a loss even as to her lines. In a word, the first-night performance showed the lack of correspondence between intention and effect, the lack of adjustment of means to ends, which is to be expected at an early rehearsal. In view of the fact that the play is wanting in sustained interest, and that the critical standard of the title rôle is nothing less than Réjane's ripened performance, Miss Rehan's comparative failure in the opening performance is not hard to comprehend. There is hope, however, of the future of the production in the fact that the part lies so well within the range of Miss Rehan's most pronounced gifts. She brings to it a womanly wholesomeness, a vigor of impulse, and a breadth and buoyancy of humor that make ultimate success in the part simply a question of the perfection of technique. Even during the crude performance of the first night there were moments in every phase of the impersonation that showed the touch of a master working happily in his medium. By the time this paragraph appears, I make no doubt that the performance will be in every way worthy of Miss Rehan.

Mr. Clyde Fitch's "Nathan Hale."

Mr. Clyde Fitch's "Nathan Hale," which is playing at the Knickerbocker, has been so universally welcomed, both because it is an American play on an American subject and because it has proved so acceptable in itself, that a single adverse voice, however vigorous in utterance, cannot do serious harm. I find this exceedingly fortunate; for, in spite of the interest I cannot help feeling in every attempt to portray American history and American life, and in spite of a strong disposition to be pleased with anything from Mr. Fitch, I find myself dissenting from the verdict of three cities—Chicago, Boston, and New York—and of the critics I most respect in all of them. I must admit that the play is clever enough in its passages of comedy, and quiet enough, on the whole, in its dramatic movement. Moreover, it gives both Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin a chance to do the kind of work they want to do and we all want them to do. This is enough to justify the popularity of a passing show, but it is not enough to gain serious respect for a drama.

The "Secret Service" Motive.

The one thing needful to a drama is some vital human motive that shall illuminate the men and women it inspires, and lead us from beginning to end of the play through the events that are necessary to its development. In "Nathan Hale" the motive is a tragic one—the patriotism that leads a young man to give up life and love itself in order to serve his country as a spy upon the enemy. Few motives could be better fitted for the purposes of a drama; few require so thorough and comprehensive a presentation, or lend themselves to so great a variety of dramatic effect. One of the latest as well as the best of the plays treating this motive is Mr. Gillette's "Secret Service," the constructive skill and emotional power of which are consummate. The play lacked only a single touch of greatness: at the supreme moment the hero—with a weakness quite human, and wholly effective dramatically, if you will—permits his personal relations with a young woman to defeat his patriotic aim. By so doing he risks the ultimate success of the Federal cause, and brings disaster to a Federal charge against Richmond which was of such magnitude that, compared to it, the late affair at San Juan was a skirmish. *Nathan Hale* is more deeply heroic in that he places patriotism before love; but for that reason we miss all the more keenly the dramatic skill and power that distinguish "Secret Service."

Mr. Fitch and the Caramel Contingent.

The main motive of the play does not appear until the end of the second of the four acts: the previous time is taken up with inconsequent character-sketching—comic froth of the social sort that, amusing enough in itself, pertains to anything rather than to the fate of *Nathan Hale*. And when the motive of the play is broached, it is developed with scarcely a vestige of dramatic propriety. No doubt it affords a fine "situation" to make all *Hale's* comrades refuse the secret service, and then object to *Hale's* undertaking it, on the ground that it is not honorable to a soldier—but what nonsense! It is also, no doubt, pleasing to the caramel contingent that *Hale* betrays himself in the British camp by interfering between a drunken soldier and a barmaid; but to the real Hale, I suspect, his patriotic mission was too important to be risked for such gallantry. No doubt, too, Mr. Fitch found it convenient to make the British villain—an out-and-out cur of the melodramatic sort—leave *Hale* at liberty after he was all but known to be a spy, and again to make *Hale* sleep quietly in the inn all night without thinking of escape; but one cannot imagine such gross falsifications of motive in "Secret Service." The last scene of all descends into the sphere of the stage carpenter and the gasman. These gentlemen—again, no doubt, to the infinite delight of the caramel contingent—show us a real orchard in all the gradations of light between night and day, while some one stands in the fly and does a canary-bird on a water-whistle. Then *Hale* comes in and utters the one historical speech of the play: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country"—a speech so simple and so true that it is quite lost in the shuffle of stage properties. Both structurally and emotionally, "Nathan Hale" is of the flimsiest.

Nathan Hale in Sculpture and in Drama.

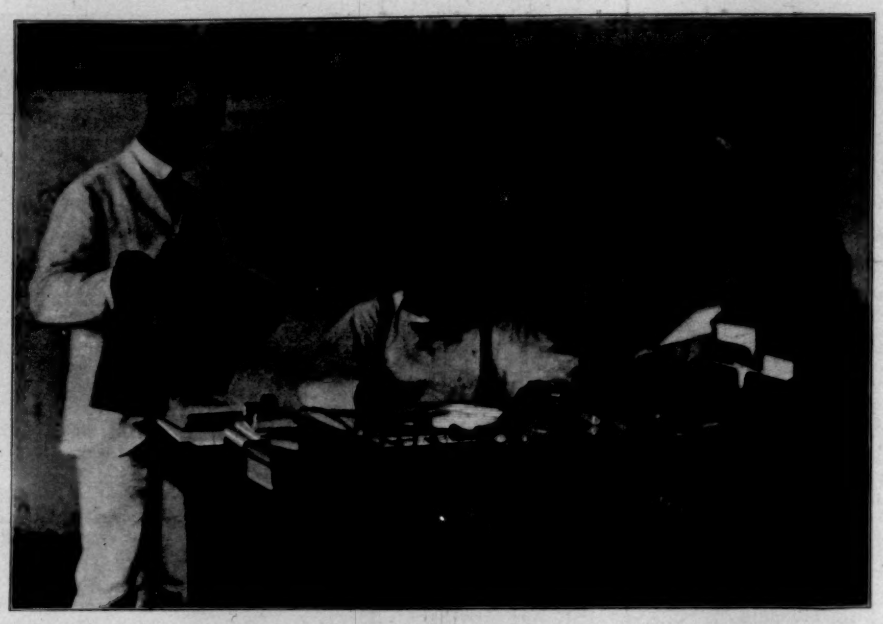
This, at least, is my conviction. Perhaps I should add that I have gained the courage of it by stepping out into City Hall Park and looking at Macmonnies's statue of Nathan Hale. The young man has his elbows bound, and the half-gesture with which he is accompanying his dying speech is characteristic as it is simple. He is romantically handsome enough, to be sure, to suit the caramel contingent—if the caramel contingent had eyes for anything as cold as bronze; but the heroic motive is there, and it is expressed with a sculptural truth to which the heart warms. Mr. Fitch's play fritters away the heroic motive in superficial stage situations, and when the supreme moment of heroism comes, it is lost in a scenic effect.

"This is the Jew that Shakspere drew."

In my notice of Mr. Augustin Daly's production of "The Merchant of Venice" I pointed out that our elaborate modern stage-settings and our sentimental modern interpretation of the character of *Shylock* are as different as can be from the spirit of the old play that Shakspere modelled into "The Merchant," and that they have played hob with the effect of the play as a drama. Since then London theatre-goers have had a chance to see the play acted in its original manner by the Elizabethan Stage Society. In this production of "The Merchant" the stage was as bare as the stages of old on the Bankside, and the actors wore not the costumes of Venice, but the costumes of Elizabethan London. To reproduce the absolute spirit of the Elizabethan theatre, of course, the actors would have had to wear the dress of the audiences that saw the performance—trousers and black coats—but that is a point of pedantry. The significant fact is that the interpretation was true to the spirit of the old play from which Shakspere got his material—that is to say, it was interpreted as a comedy, at once romantic and grotesque. The part of *Shylock* was played in the Judas wig of red hair that was associated with such parts on the Elizabethan stage; and it was made generally as comic in effect as the lines permitted. In gait and gesture it suggested the hated, the ridiculous Jew; and at the climax of the third scene, where modern *Shylocks* often strive for tragic effect, the rough comedy of this old Elizabethan plot rose to its height. *Shylock* had been caught in his own trap, to the infinite delight of the audience. When *Shylock* was thus interpreted, *Gratiano's* cruel jests were quite in place, and there was no impropriety in *Portia's* comedy of the rings that closes the trial scene. And when there were no waits for the scene-shifter, the scene in *Portia's* gardens brought the comedy to a speedy and a gracious close. With such a readjustment of the dramatic values, "The Merchant" evinces a consistent and harmonious comedy scheme, and one which, except for the brutal manners it implies, is perfectly intelligible. My purpose in mentioning this is not to advocate a return to the spirit of the old plot upon which Shakspere worked. Whatever its limitations, Shakspere's presentation of it has raised it forever out of the mire of Elizabethan brutality. The work of the Elizabethan Stage Society is important only as a warning. If we are to get at the pith of a play like "The Merchant," we must guard against an elaboration of scenery that clogs the action, and against any modern reading of *Shylock* that destroys the dramatic propriety of the play as a whole. To make *Shylock* anything more refined than a vigorous grotesque is to stultify Shakspere.

JOHN CORBIN.

COLONEL H. B. FREEMAN,
24th U. S. Infantry.

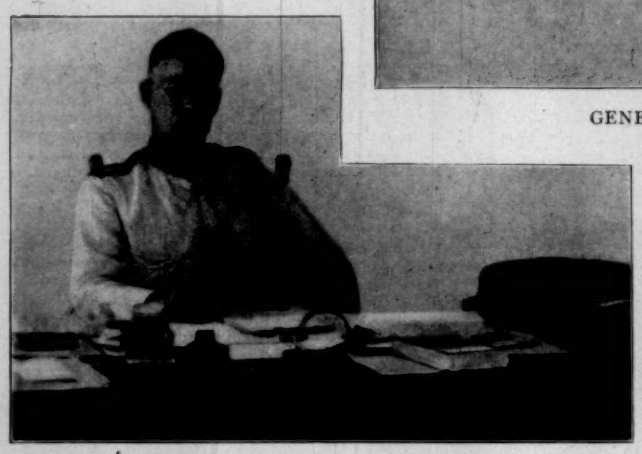


MAJOR J. H. MacLEAVY,
First Mayor of Santiago.

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD AND FAMILY.

FATHER MESNIER,
A Pro-American Priest.

GENERAL WOOD AND ORDERLY LEAVING THE PALACE.



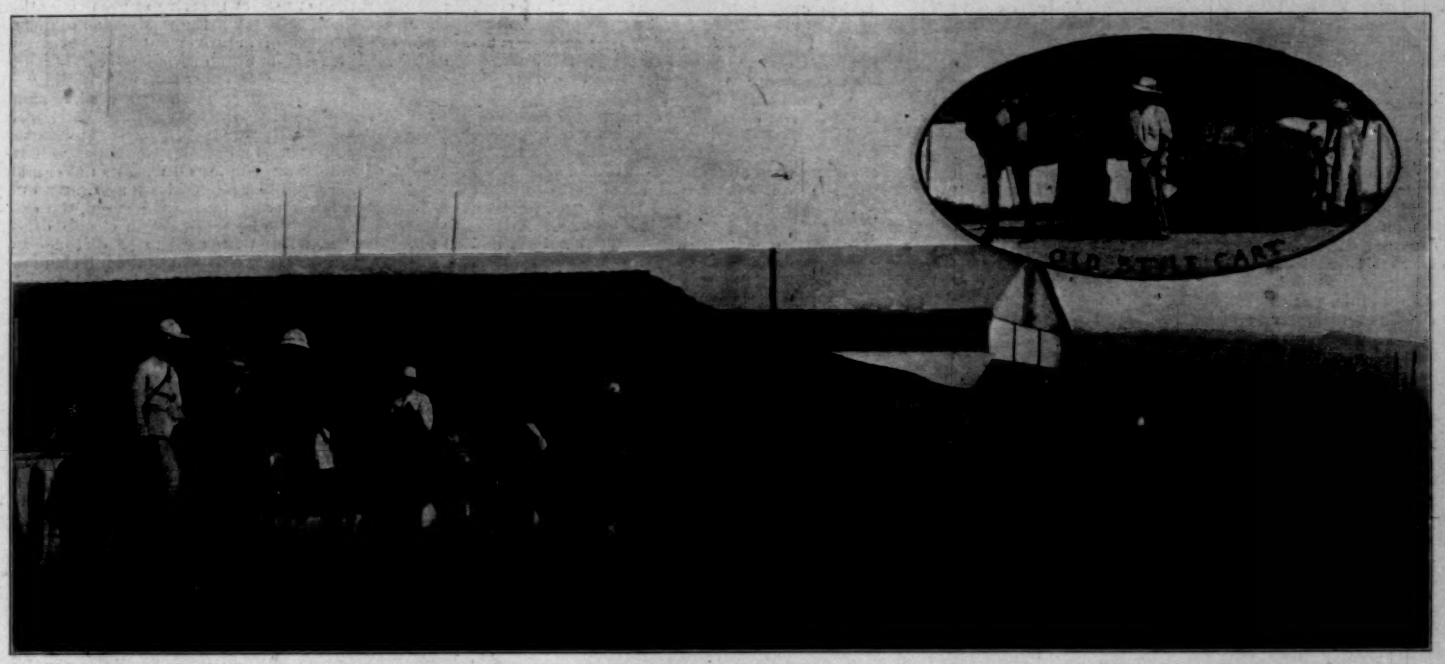
MAJOR-GENERAL LAWTON AT HEADQUARTERS.

UNITED STATES MAIL WAGON.

SANTIAGO UNDER AMERICAN RULE.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY E. C. ROST.—[SEE PAGE 38.]

THE "DEAD-LINE" AT THE ARSENAL, WHERE EXECUTIONS TOOK PLACE—WALL DOTTED WITH BULLET MARKS.



PARADE OF THE NEW STREET-CLEANING DEPARTMENT.

A FAMILY OF RECONCENTRADOS.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL CEMETERY, WHERE OUR SOLDIER DEAD ARE BURIED.

BARBED-WIRE OBSTRUCTION NEAR MORRO CASTLE.

WORKMEN LAYING NEW PAVEMENT ON MARINA STREET.

SANTIAGO UNDER AMERICAN RULE.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY E. C. ROST.—[SEE PAGE 38.]

Our New Possessions—Santiago Revisited

By Phil Robinson, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

ONCE more I find myself in Siboney, and what a change has taken place! The times of peace have returned. The railway is again at work, and as I come on to the well-remembered bridge an engine with a train of trucks is passing. The mines are being reopened; the dwellings that were burned down under medical orders in July are being rebuilt; the population has returned, and once more there is life in the place—the healthy life of trade and peace. The irrepressible, ration-devouring Cuban is still in evidence, and a few tents still linger—the jetsam of the tide of war that rolled by here six months ago. There is one new feature, though, in the scene, a graveyard. Where lie buried the victims of the fever, a monument for all time in memory of the war.

Passing out under the bridge, from the site of the old fever-stricken camp on to the Santiago road, one misses at once the gatherings of destitute refugees who used to bivouac under the big guanaba-trees at the first turn of the highway here. They are all gone joyously home again, back to their large, cool-shaded rooms, and the breezy patios, and grateful to the strong arm that is now outstretched between them and future trouble.

The tiny bronzed-winged ground-doves feed, by their families, in the middle of the highway, conscious of security, and on the open green patch of grass that marks, from the road, the site of the Rough Riders' fight at "Guasimas" or "Sevilla," we flushed a brace of guinea-fowl. The two posts and the cross-piece, with some fragments of masonry, are all that remain, except a grove of lime-trees, of the hacienda from which the now historic spot takes its name, are still standing.

What a beautiful road this is, now that one has the leisure to admire it! How diversified the landscape! How superb the vegetation! Yonder where the ground breaks away in undulations thickly set with guavas and limes, with palms and larger trees between—just over yonder stood a patch of bush that was literally cut to pieces by Mauser bullets.

I turned off the road beyond Guasimas to see if the Cubans had buried three of their comrades who used to be thereabouts. The path that was then so well trodden had quite disappeared under a lush growth of grass, and the broad space where a palm-thatch cabin used to stand, with the earth all tramped in front, was now a grass-plot. Somebody has restarted his cultivation here, and within a small fence two steers are grazing. Down at the river (what scenes there used to be here!) two children are paddling, and on the opposite bank are some chickens roaming about. If we could only have met chickens here six months ago! Flowers were there, no doubt, some of them, in June, but there was little time then, as one made one's way along between opposing streams of men and wagons, to look for flowers.

Here is where the ammunition used to be stacked, and there stood Shafter's tent. The storm of the 12th of July swept down along this dip and washed away my tent from this spot. Then I moved it up yonder, and there, between the hedge and my tent, lay, from the evening of one day till noon the next, the body of a young Massachusetts volunteer who had died of fever.

But we did not move, for I do not believe that fever is to be "caught" from the fever stricken, any more than cholera is from those who are dying of it. But "headquarters" was moved about a quarter of a mile farther on, and there, yesterday, I followed it. It was a beautiful spot in July; it is now perfectly exquisite. The grass has regrown, and from under the calabash-tree where the Japanese and Swedish attachés used to camp there flew a whole "covey" of guinea-fowl. It was under that tree there that Shafter received General Miles and the news of the surrender of Santiago. This track was then a road, and here it led into a Red Cross encampment, and, winding along among the bush, joined, as now, the main road near the creek. A number of Cuban families seem to have settled somewhere near here, judging from the ponies that are tethered under the trees and the women washing clothes in the stream.

On the other side of the creek there used to be two cart roads, but the one to the right, made, I believe, by the troops, is now so patched and striped with green as to be hardly like a road. On the other, too, the branches thrown down by the engineers during the passage of the troops, to fill up ruts and "corduroy" the road, have here and there apparently struck root, and young guava-trees will next spring be growing along the middle of it. It was over there on the left that the foreign attachés and most of the correspondents saw the fighting, "just as if," as one of them said, "we had got front seats at the opera." That tree to our right ought to have been cut down when the battery took up position. It gave the Spaniards their target.

As we go down the hill again to the road, we see the remnants of the old sugar-factory buildings; it is evidently now being utilized as a military post. Half-way down the hill a soldier sat on two cases of dynamite all the time that the shells were exploding about him. Only a few yards off, under that tree, a sergeant was killed by a bullet out of shrapnel.

Everything is left as it was on the day of the surrender. Some of the people in El Caney have, they say, patched up their houses, but out on the battle-field the intrenchments and covered ways are as they were left, and all that remained of the San Juan block-house remains there still. The graveyard has been set in order, and the road with its stone bridge is in model repair. That is all. And I hope it will remain so. America should never allow these slopes to be altered or tampered with. They should be consecrated, in all their completeness, to the memory of her heroic sons.

When I left Santiago after the surrender, in July, the Cuban was at a great discount, and not without reason. His conduct during the war had not been such as to recommend him to the respect, much less the affection, of the American soldiers who had suffered so much and fought so well on his behalf. "Stinking Cubans" was a recognized formula of reference to them, and still harsher epithets were in regular use. In a word, everybody despised and detested the Cubans.

None were allowed within the city limits, and Garcia (as cruel a man as Weyler) had gone off in the sulks because he found that Santiago was not to be made over to the mercies of his ragamuffin host, who had looked forward to the morrow of the Americans' victory as a day of revenge, and had coolly partitioned out the city among themselves, with a view to methodical impartiality in looting. General McKibbin, who held the governorship of Santiago for a day and a half, kept the Cubans on the street side of the door, so to speak, and disquieting rumors reached Garcia and Castillo of the sympathy for the Spaniards that had sprung up in the American ranks. They may, for instance, have heard at second hand what I heard at first, a certain distinguished officer's dictum, "Well, all I can say is it's a pity Weyler was not left alone for another six months!" or another officer's remark to a tableful of brother officers in the Restaurant Venus, "I'll be hanged if I don't think it a beastly shame that we should have come here bullying a townful of civil, decent, Spanish gentlemen for the sake of a lot of blinkety-blankety Cubans!" These ejaculations reflect quite truthfully the humor of the conquerors on the 17th of July.

Unbounded, therefore, was my surprise when, on reaching Santiago four months later, I found the city given over to the Cubans; of course only under American supervision, but given over to them all the same. Cuban flags were displayed—not "officially," it was explained to me, but still displayed—and men with Cuban rosettes in their hats and their machetes at their sides rode about the streets, stopping at the door of the Palace, as if on duty, making reports, and taking instructions. At this corner and at that stood Cubans, as if on a beat, and where some men were working at a drain, a Cuban, with both revolver and machete, was in supervision. All the subordinate offices, wherever possible, were filled by Cubans, and the Mayor of Santiago is now a Cuban.

All of which greatly surprised me. Yet I cannot say why it should. Is not America committed to the experiment of Cuban self-government? The sooner, then, that the experiment is tried, and proved a success or the reverse, the better for every one—for the Americans especially. There is risk attached to it of course, but then the States expect risks in Cuba for some time to come. General Wood, the Governor of the Santiago Province and city, is an ideal official for so important and delicate a post, for he combines with the *fortiter in re* a satisfying measure of the *suaviter in modo*. He has told the Cubans that they are to have "a fair show," and has advised them, for the sake of Cuba's future, now in their hands, to choose their very best men to fill the places he has offered them, and now or never to prove their aptitude for self-government. A large measure of power is therefore in their hands. Cubans are now administering the townships in the interior, and Cuban patrols, officered by Cubans, have the keeping of order in the suburban and rural districts.

Meanwhile, General Wood is hoping to have his own military force reduced by at least a half, and if he could have one white cavalry regiment sent out to him, would gladly exchange for them all the three black regiments he has got. White cavalry are certainly needed, for, let the Cuban charm never so wisely, his brother Cuban does not really believe in him. He knows that he is corrupt in blood and bone, lacking in honor, and averse to downright honest work. Moreover, he is in doubt as to the future, perplexed as to the upshot of the experiment now being tried, and not at all certain that if the Cubans, now tentatively in authority, succeed in satisfying American expectations their permanence in power would be really for his good or for the good of Cuba.

White cavalry patrolling the country, "a flying squadron" of American troopers appearing unexpectedly in all sorts of places, would greatly conduce to the easiness of mind of the rural folk, for they would have constantly before them the unimpeachable evidence of a power superior to and stronger than the Cuban. Besides, so it seems to me, when the Governor goes anywhere officially—on a flying tour of inspection, for instance—he ought to be accompanied by a strong escort of his countrymen, if only for the dignity of his high office. But aside from the utility of judicious pomp when dealing with such a population as that of the Santiago Province, there is the more serious consideration of the effect which such constant suggestions of reserve force must have upon the tatterdemalion thousands of "Cuban" soldiers who, neither disbanded nor disarmed, are scattered about within the area of American occupation, and, we may swear to it, doing no good.

Indeed their presence is a source of danger, and everybody seems aware of it. You can feel it in the air. The shopkeepers told me business had not "begun yet"; the people seemed "afraid of spending their money." The merchants said there was "nothing doing" because people "did not know what was going to happen." The officials said "things have not had time to shape yet." Intending investors and speculators come to Santiago and go away again. Nothing done for "nothing is settled yet," they say. This atmosphere of suspense is quite tangible to the visitor. I seemed to see everybody "going delicately," with that circumspection that comes of perplexity. Every trigger, as it were, was at half-cock. The band played, and the residents came out subdued and ultra-decorous. Nobody appeared to be quite at ease. The town was afraid of "letting itself go," or had not the spirit to amuse itself. This condition of insecurity carries with it a sense of danger. A scare may easily become a panic. But what should Santiago be in suspense about? Are not the Americans in possession? Yes, but the Cubans are not yet dispossessed, and, as one of their generals said the other day, they would "just as readily fight the Americans as they had fought the Spaniards" if they were not to obtain real and complete independence.

General Wood himself, I fancy, quite comprehends the situation, and would be glad to see ahead of him more clearly than he does. Meanwhile he goes on his way, keeping the peace with a firm hand, and every day giving effect to some new project for the public good. There is no unfriendliness among the people, but there is no friendliness either. They go about their business without any grateful recognition of a passing official. If you ask a question, there is more curtness than courtesy in the reply. There is a load of some kind, obviously, on the public mind, and, I take it, it is apprehension of the Cubans.

Santiago all the time goes on improving or being improved. Ponderous iron-bound carts, drawn by four mules each and driven by soldiers, go thundering and clattering up and down the dreadful streets. Some of these are "paved"—save the mark!—with cobblestones of unequal heights (and with many gaps), while the others are just as nature made them, with the underlying rock cropping up in slabs and bowlders, and pitted with holes large enough to drown a baby in. Rain sluices down them as it pleases and overflows where it likes. Having one day got to the bottom of a street, I found my advance blocked by mud and water, and had to go up the hill again and down the next street to arrive at my destination. In the upper part of the town the roadways are inconceivable. But the work of improvement is in progress—very slowly, it is true, from want of funds; for Santiago has, of course, to pay all its own expenses, and with its income at its lowest these are hard to meet. One road, however, the main street, is finished, and being solidly metalled, with a top layer of fine grit, well rolled down, and as yet "no thoroughfare," looks, in its solid brand-new smoothness, almost ridiculous by comparison with its unkempt neighbors, which are "linked mud-holes long drawn out."

The Plaza has been thoroughly cleansed, the cathedral precincts purged, the hospitals set in cleanly order; and at the wharves, where there used to be dirt indescribable and general chaos, there is a wonderful change—large spaces have been cleared, traffic comes and goes by prescribed routes, and soldiers with their rifles are on sentry at the avenues of approach. Stacked up on the wharves are prodigious quantities of "rations" and stores—for Santiago is a distributing centre—and much of it, I should say, was being ruined. The Red Cross Society's supplies are still unexhausted, and with so much gratuitous food obtainable there is little reason for wondering at the shopkeepers' complaint that business is not active.

In July the streets were almost empty, three-fourths of the houses uninhabited, the suburbs an absolute desert; the shops that were open could be counted on the fingers; the restaurants and all the clubs were closed. Soldiers in and about the Plaza were of course greatly in evidence, but except the soldiers (and correspondents) there were very few moving about, and what few there were were Spaniards, all seemingly in their best clothes and best spirits, glad doubtless of the end of the "siege," and relieved at the evident good feeling of the conquerors.

To-day all is reversed. The houses have filled up; the suburbs, right away to the outskirts of the city, are alive with people; the streets are becoming populous; the soldiers have disappeared and loungers fill the seats in the Plaza; shops are open by the dozen; the restaurant is in full swing; and the clubs—the sedate and rather pompous Spanish, the more animated and less formal Cuban on the other side of the way—have resumed the normal hospitalities of peace-times. The Spaniard seems somehow to have disappeared, and with him all vivacity. The dull Cuban occupies the public places, and Santiago, whether sulky or cowed, appears to have no spirits left.

At the Anglo-American Club, however, there are always the brightness of good company and the comfort of good quarters. On the day of the surrender half a dozen English correspondents found the whereabouts of the club, and then the key of it, and eventually the head waiter, and for their own benefit informally and formally reopened it. It is now the centre of local intelligence and the headquarters of civilization, and before long is going to emigrate from its present dingy (and possibly unhealthy) quarters to the sumptuous building of the Spanish Club, with which it will "incorporate," and which it will eventually absorb. A peculiarity of the present building is, even among the prevailing peculiarities of Spanish houses, worth referring to. You enter on the ground-floor, cross a yard, and then mounting a high flight of steps, arrive at what is presumably the "first" floor. This is a large paved yard open to the sky, with the bed and other rooms and offices of the club built round it on all four sides. But in the yard, through spaces in the pavement, are growing a fine mango-tree that bears abundantly; bananas, from which we ate the fruit at table; a coffee-plant, from which the manager had gathered and cured an excellent sample of coffee (so an expert present said); and other shrubs. Imagine this—a great shady tree and a garden on the first floor of a house!

Another pleasing evidence of the passing away of trouble was the reopening of the schools. General Wood has done great work in increasing the number of schools and the opportunities for education, and has wisely, for the present, left the free "ward" schools of the Spanish régime alone. I went into two of these, and I must say that never in my life have I seen happier, cleaner, better-dressed collections of little children. As the Spaniards made attendance at these ward schools compulsory, and as they were gratuitous, the families of rich and poor alike share in the advantages of free education, and side by side on the benches sit the children, from four years of age to ten, of the aristocrat and the pleb, of Spaniard and Cuban. In the girls' school I chanced upon an afternoon when needle-work was in full swing. "Samplers" of the same old type so familiar in England and the States a hundred years ago, and sewing, occupied the very little ones, while crochet, tatting, embroidery, and lace-work kept the elders busy. In the boys' school I was surprised to find a museum of natural history, a chemical laboratory, and all the appliances for elementary education in natural science. As for the pupils, they would have compared well in manners, clothing, and brightness with a similar school in any part of the world. Sad to say, though, these youngsters have no athletics, no games, to educate the muscle and harden the nerve and quicken the eye. Alas poor Spain!

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES*

By H. G. Wells

AUTHOR OF "THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," "THE INVISIBLE MAN," "THIRTY STRANGE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE AWAKENING.

WHAT a wonderfully complex thing that simple-seeming unity—the self! Who can trace its redintegration as morning after morning we awaken, the flux and confluence of its countless factors interweaving, rebuilding, the dim first stirrings of the soul, the growth and synthesis of the unconscious to the sub-conscious, the sub-conscious to dawning consciousness, until at last we recognize ourselves again. And as it happens to most of us after the night sleep, so it was with Graham at the end of his vast slumber. A dim cloud of sensation taking shape, a cloudy dreariness, and he found himself vaguely somewhere, recumbent, faint, but alive.

That pilgrimage towards a personal being again seemed to traverse vast gulfs, to occupy epochs. Gigantic dreams that were terrible realities at the time, left vague perplexing memories, strange creatures, strange scenery, as if from another planet. There was a distant impression, too, of a momentous conversation; of a name—he could not tell what name—that was subsequently to recur; of some queer, long-forgotten sensation of vein and muscle; of a feeling of vast hopeless effort, the effort of a man near drowning in darkness. Then came a panorama of dazzling, unstable, confluent scenes.

The texture that wove at last through the half-light of dreaming to wakefulness shaped a definite picture of dark masses of cliff, a black shadow of caves at the foot of them, into which the green sea-water foamed and vanished, and a cleft in the rocky front, and a thin plume of cascade quivering in the wind. There was a sense of intolerable misery linked with this; he was looking down on it, and for some reason he had to fling himself forward—was, in fact, flinging himself forward, floating down swifter and swifter. A man appeared against the background, saying things that were troublesome to hear, and in some way arresting that downward swoop. There was a gray distress in this obstruction. The stranger spread out and grew impalpable, and the vision had passed.

Graham became aware that this was either a memory or a phase in a dream—not present, at any rate, in spite of its vividness—and that his eyes were open, and regarding some unfamiliar thing.

It was something white, the edge of something, a frame of wood. He moved his head slightly, following the contour of this shape. It went up beyond the top of his eyes. He tried to think where he might be. Did it matter, seeing he was so wretched? The color of his thoughts was a dark depression. He felt the featureless misery of one who wakes towards the hour of dawn.

He had an uncertain sense of whispers and footsteps hastily receding.

The movements of his head involved a perception of extreme physical weakness. He supposed he was in bed in the hotel at the place in the valley, but he could not recall that white edge. He must have slept. He remembered now that he had wanted to sleep. He recalled the cliff and waterfall again, and then recollected something about talking to a passer-by. . .

How long had he slept? What was that sound of pattering feet? And that rise and fall, like the murmur of breakers on pebbles? He put out a languid hand to reach his watch from the chair whereon it was his habit to place it, and touched some smooth hard surface like glass. This was so unexpected that it startled him extremely. Quite suddenly he rolled over, stared for a moment, and struggled into a sitting position. The effort was unexpectedly difficult, and it left him giddy and weak—and amazed.

He rubbed his eyes. The riddle of his surroundings was confusing, but his mind was quite clear—evidently his sleep had benefited him. He was not in a bed at all, as he understood the word, but lying naked on a very soft and yielding mattress, apparently an air mattress, in a trough of dark glass. The mattress was partly transparent—a fact he observed with a strange sense of insecurity—and below it was a mirror reflecting him grayly. About his arm—and he saw with a shock that his skin was strangely dry and yellow—was bound a curious apparatus of rubber, bound so cunningly that it seemed to pass into his skin above and below. And this strange bed was placed in a case of greenish-colored glass (as it seemed to him), a bar in the white frame-work of which had first arrested his attention. In a corner of the case was a stand of glittering and delicately made apparatus, for the most part quite strange appliances, though a maximum and minimum thermometer was recognizable.

The slightly greenish tint of the glasslike substance which surrounded him on every hand obscured what lay behind, but he perceived it was a vast apartment of splendid appearance, and with a very large and simple white archway facing him. Close to the walls of the cage were articles of furniture—a table covered with a silvery cloth, silvery like the side of a fish, a couple of black and graceful chairs, and on the table a number of dishes with substances piled on them, a bottle, and two glasses. He realized that he was intensely hungry.

He could see no human being, and, after a period of hesitation, scrambled off the translucent mattress and tried to stand on the clean white floor of his little apartment. He had miscalculated his strength, however, and staggered, and put his hand against the glasslike pane before him to steady himself. For a moment it resisted his hand, bending outward like a distended bladder, then it broke with a slight report and vanished—a pricked bubble. He reeled out into the general space of the hall, greatly astonished. He caught at the table to save himself, knocking one of the glasses to the floor—it rang but did not break—and sat down in one of the arm-chairs.

When he had a little recovered he filled the remaining glass from the bottle and drank—a colorless liquid it was, but not water, with a pleasing faint aroma and taste, and a quality of immediate support and stimulus. He put down the vessel and looked about him.

The apartment lost none of its size and magnificence now that the greenish transparency that had intervened was removed. The archway he saw led to a flight of steps, going downward, without the intermediation of a door, to a spacious transverse passage. This passage ran

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between polished pillars of some white-veined substance of deep ultramarine, and along it came the sound of human movements and voices, and a deep, undeviating, droning note. He sat, now fully awake, listening alertly, forgetting the viands in his attention.

Then with a shock he remembered that he was naked, and casting about him for covering, saw a long black robe thrown on one of the chairs beside him. This he wrapped about him, and sat down again, trembling.

His mind was still a surging perplexity. Clearly he had slept, and had been removed in his sleep. But where? And who were those people, the distant crowd beyond the deep blue pillars? Boscastle? He poured out and partially drank another glass of the colorless fluid.

What was this place?—this place that to his senses seemed subtly quivering like a thing alive? He looked about him at the clean and beautiful form of the apartment, unstained by ornament, and saw that the roof was broken in one place by a circular shaft full of light, and, as he looked, a steady, sweeping shadow blotted it out and passed, and came again and passed. "Beat, beat"—that sweeping shadow had a note of its own in the subdued tumult that filled the air.

He would have called out, but only a little sound came into his throat. Then he stood up, and, with the uncertain steps of a drunkard, made his way towards the archway. He staggered down the steps, tripping on the corner of the black cloak he had wrapped about himself, and saved himself by catching at one of the blue pillars.

The passage ran down a cool vista of blue and purple, and ended remotely in a railed place like a balcony, brightly lit and projecting into a space of haze—a space like the interior of some gigantic building. Beyond and remote were vast and vague architectural forms. The tumult of voices rose now loud and clear, and on the balcony, and with their backs to him, gesticulating, and apparently in animated conversation, were three figures, richly dressed in loose and easy garments of bright soft colorings. The noise of a great multitude of people poured up over the balcony, and once it seemed the top of a banner passed, and once some brightly colored object, a pale blue cap or garment thrown up into the air perhaps, flashed athwart the space and fell. The shouts sounded like English; there was a reiteration of "Wake!" He heard some indistinct shrill cry, and abruptly these three men began laughing.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed one—a red-haired man in a short purple robe. "When the Sleeper wakes— *When!*"

He turned his eyes full of merriment along the passage. His face changed; the whole man changed, became rigid. The other two turned swiftly at his exclamation and stood motionless. Their faces assumed an expression of consternation—an expression that deepened to awe.

Suddenly Graham's knees bent beneath him; his arm against the pillar collapsed limply; he staggered forward and fell upon his face.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SOUND OF A TUMULT.

GRAHAM'S last impression before he fainted was of a clamorous ringing of bells. He learnt afterwards that he was insensible, hanging between life and death, for the better part of an hour. When he recovered his senses he was back on his translucent couch, and there was a stirring warmth at heart and throat. The dark apparatus, he perceived, had been removed from his arm, which was bandaged. The white frame-work was still about him, but the greenish transparent substance that had filled it was altogether gone. A man in a deep violet robe, one of those who had been on the balcony, was looking keenly into his face.

Remote but insistent was a clamor of bells and confused sounds, that suggested to his mind the picture of a great number of people shouting together. Something seemed to fall across this tumult like a door suddenly closed.

Graham moved his head. "What does all this mean?" he said, slowly. "Where am I?"

He saw the red-haired man who had been first to discover him. A voice seemed to be asking what he had said, and was abruptly stilled.

The man in violet answered in a soft voice, speaking English with a slightly foreign accent, or so at least it seemed to the Sleeper's ears: "You are quite safe. You were brought hither from where you fell asleep. It is quite safe. You have been here some time—sleeping. In a trance."

He said something further that Graham could not hear, and a little phial was handed across to him. Graham felt a cooling spray, a fragrant mist played over his forehead for a moment, and his sense of refreshment increased. He closed his eyes in satisfaction.

"Better?" asked the man in violet, as Graham's eyes reopened. He was a pleasant-faced man of thirty, perhaps, with a pointed flaxen beard, and a clasp of gold at the neck of his violet robe.

"Yes," said Graham.

"You have been asleep some time. In a cataleptic trance. You have heard? Catalepsy. It may seem strange to you at first, but I can assure you everything is well."

Graham did not answer, but these words served their reassuring purpose. His eyes went from face to face of the three people about him. They were regarding him strangely. He knew he ought to be somewhere in Cornwall, but he could not square these things with that impression.

A matter that had been in his mind during his last waking moments at Boscastle recurred, a thing resolved upon and somehow neglected. He cleared his throat.

"Have you wired my cousin?" he asked. "E. Warming, 27 Chancery Lane?"

They were all assiduous to hear. But he had to repeat it. "What an odd *blur* in his accent!" whispered the red-haired man. "Wire, sir?" said the young man with the flaxen beard, evidently puzzled.

"He means send an electric telegram," volunteered the third, a pleasant-faced youth of nineteen or twenty.

The flaxen-bearded man gave a cry of comprehension. "How stupid of me! You may be sure everything shall be done, sir," he said to Graham. "I am afraid it would be difficult to—*wire* to your cousin. He is not in London now. But don't trouble about arrangements yet; you have been asleep a very long time, and the important thing is to get over that, sir." (Graham concluded the word was sir, but this man pronounced it "*sire*.")

"Oh!" said Graham, and became quiet.

It was all very puzzling, but apparently these people in unfamiliar dress knew what they were about. Yet they were odd, and the room was odd. It seemed he was in some newly established place. He had a sudden flash of suspicion. Surely this wasn't some hall of public exhibition! If it was, he would give Warming a piece of his mind. But it scarcely had that character. And in a place of public exhibition he would not have discovered himself naked.

Then suddenly, quite abruptly, he realized what had happened. There was no perceptible interval of suspicion, no dawn to his knowledge. Abruptly he knew his trance had lasted for a vast interval; as if by some process of thought-reading, he interpreted the awe in the faces that peered into his. He looked at them strangely, full of intense emotion. It seemed they read his eyes. He framed his lips to speak and could not. A queer impulse to hide his knowledge came into his mind almost at the moment of his discovery. He looked at his bare feet, regarding them silently. His impulse to speak passed. He was trembling exceedingly.

They gave him some pink fluid with a greenish fluorescence and a meaty taste, and the assurance of returning strength grew.

"That—that makes me feel better," he said, hoarsely, and there were murmurs of respectful approval. He knew now quite clearly. He made an effort to speak again, and again he could not.

He pressed his throat and tried a third time. "How long?" he asked, in a level voice. "How long have I been asleep?"

"Some considerable time," said the flaxen-bearded man, glancing quickly at the others.

"How long?"

"A very long time."

"Yes, yes," said Graham, suddenly testy. "But I want— Is it—it is—some years? Many years? There was something—I forget what. I feel—confused. But you—" He sobbed. "You need not fence with me. How long—?"

He stopped, breathing irregularly. He squeezed his eyes with his knuckles, and sat waiting for an answer.

They spoke in undertones.

"Five or six?" he asked, faintly. "More?"

"Very much more than that."

"More!"

"More."

He looked at them, and it seemed as though imps were twitching the muscles of his face. He looked his question.

"Many years," said the man with the red beard.

Graham struggled into a sitting position. He wiped a rheumy tear from his face with a lean hand. "Many years!" he repeated. He shut his eyes tight, opened them, and sat looking about him from one unfamiliar thing to another.

"How many years?" he asked.

"You must be prepared to be surprised."

"Well?"

"More than a gross of years."

He was irritated at the strange word. "More than a *what?*"

Two of them spoke together. Some quick remarks that were made about "decimal" he did not catch.

"How long did you say?" asked Graham. "How long? Don't look like that. Tell me."

Among the remarks in an undertone his ear caught six words: "More than a couple of centuries."

"*What?*" he cried, turning on the youth who he thought had spoken. "Who says—? What was that? A couple of *centuries!*"

"Yes," said the man with the red beard. "Two hundred years."

Graham repeated the words. He had been prepared to hear of a vast repose, and yet these concrete centuries defeated him.

"Two hundred years!" he said again, with the figure of a great gulf opening very slowly in his mind; and then, "Oh, but—"

They said nothing.

"You—did you say—?"

"Two hundred years. Two centuries of years," said the man with the red beard.

There was a pause. Graham looked at their faces and saw what he had heard was indeed true.

"But it can't be," he said, querulously. "I am dreaming. Trances. Trances don't last. That is not right—this is a joke you have played upon me! Tell me—some days ago, perhaps, I was walking along the coast of Cornwall—?"

His voice failed him.

The man with the flaxen beard hesitated. "I'm not very strong in history, sir," he said, weakly, and glanced at the others.

"That was it, sir," said the youngster. "Boscastle, in the old Duchy of Cornwall—it's in the southwest country, beyond the dairy meadows. There is a house there still. I've been there."

"Boscastle!" Graham turned his eyes to the youngster. "That was it—Boscastle. Little Boscastle. I fell asleep—somewhere there. I don't exactly remember. I don't exactly remember."

He pressed his brows and whispered, "More than *two hundred years!*"

He began to speak quickly, with a twitching face, but his heart was cold within him. "But if it *is* two hundred years, every soul I know, every human being that ever I saw or spoke to before I went to sleep, must be dead."

They did not answer him.

"The Queen and the Royal Family, her ministers, church and state. High and low, rich and poor, one with another—

"Is there England still?

"That's a comfort! Is there London?

"This *is* London, eh? And you are my assistant custodian. Assistant custodian. And these—? Eh? Assistant custodians too!"

He sat with a gaunt stare on his face. "But why am I here? No! Don't talk. Be quiet. Let me—"

He sat silent, rubbed his eyes, and uncovering them, found another little glass of pinkish fluid held towards him. He took the dose. It was almost immediately sustaining. Directly he had taken it he began to weep naturally and refreshingly.

Presently he looked at their faces, suddenly laughed through his tears, a little foolishly. "But—two—hundred—years!" he said. He grimaced hysterically and covered his face again.

After a space he grew calm. He sat up, his hands hanging over his knees in almost precisely the same attitude in which Isbister had found him on the cliff at Pentargen. His attention was attracted by a thick domineering voice, the footsteps of an advancing personage. "What are you doing? Why was I not warned? Surely you could tell? Some one will suffer for this. The man must be kept quiet. Are the doorways closed? All the doorways? He must be kept perfectly quiet. He must not be told. Has he been told anything?"

The man with the fair beard made some inaudible remark, and Graham, looking over his shoulder, saw approaching a very short, fat, and thick-set beardless man, with aquiline nose and heavy neck and chin. Very thick black and slightly sloping eyebrows, that almost met over his nose and overhung deep gray eyes, gave his face an oddly formidable expression. He scowled momentarily at Graham, and then his regard returned to the man with the flaxen beard. "These others," he said, in a voice of extreme irritation. "You had better go."

"Go?" said the red-bearded man.

"Certainly—go now. But see the doorways are closed as you go."

The two men addressed turned obediently, after one reluctant glance at Graham, and instead of going through the archway as he expected, walked straight to the dead wall of the apartment opposite the archway. And then came a strange thing; a long strip of this apparently solid wall rolled up with a snap, hung over the two retreating men, and fell again, and immediately Graham was alone with the new-comer and the purple-robed man with the flaxen beard.

For a space the thick-set man took not the slightest notice of Graham, but proceeded to interrogate the other—obviously his subordinate—upon the treatment of their charge. He spoke clearly, but in phrases only partially intelligible to Graham. The awakening seemed not only a matter of surprise but of consternation and annoyance to him. He was evidently profoundly excited.

"You must not confuse his mind by telling him things," he repeated again and again. "You must not confuse his mind."

His questions answered, he turned quickly and eyed the awakened Sleeper with an ambiguous expression.

"Feel queer?" he asked.

"Very."

"The world, what you see of it, seems strange to you?"

"I suppose I have to live in it, strange as it seems."

"I suppose so, now."

"In the first place, hadn't I better have some clothes?"

"They—" said the thick-set man, and stopped, and the flaxen-bearded man met his eye and went away. "You will very speedily have clothes," said the thick-set man.

"Is it true, indeed, that I have been asleep two hundred—?" asked Graham.

"They have told you that, have they? Two hundred and three, as a matter of fact."

Graham accepted the indisputable now with raised eyebrows and depressed mouth. He sat silent for a moment, and then asked a question: "Is there a mill or dynamo near here?" He did not wait for an answer. "Things have changed tremendously, I suppose?" he said. "What is that shouting?" he asked, abruptly.

"Nothing," said the thick-set man, impatiently. "It's people. You'll understand better later—perhaps. As you say, things have changed." He spoke shortly, his brows were knit, and he glanced about him like a man trying to decide in an emergency. "We must get you clothes and so forth, at any rate. Better wait here until some can come. No one will come near you. You want shaving."

Graham rubbed his chin.

The man with the flaxen beard came back towards them, turned suddenly, listened for a moment, lifted his eyebrows at the older man, and hurried off through the archway towards the balcony. The tumult of shouting grew louder, and the thick-set man turned and listened also. He cursed suddenly under his breath, and turned his eyes upon Graham with an unfriendly expression. It was a surge of many voices, rising and falling, shouting and screaming, and once came a sound like blows and sharp cries, and then a snapping, like the crackling of dry sticks. Graham strained his ears to draw some single thread of sound from the woven tumult.

Then he perceived, repeated again and again, a certain formula. For a time he doubted his ears. But surely these were the words: "Show us the Sleeper! Show us the Sleeper!"

The thick-set man rushed suddenly to the archway.

"Wild!" he cried. "How do they know? Do they know? Or is it guessing?"

There was perhaps an answer.

"I can't come," said the thick-set man; "I have *him* to see to. But shout from the balcony."

There was an inaudible reply.

"Say he is not awake. Anything! I leave it to you."

He came hurrying back to Graham. "You must have clothes at once," he said. "You cannot stop here—and it will be impossible to—"

He rushed away, Graham shouting unanswered questions after him. In a moment he was back.

"I can't tell you what is happening. It is too complex to explain. In a moment you shall have your clothes made. Yes—in a moment. And then I can take you away from here. You will find out our troubles soon enough."

"But those voices. They were shouting—?"

"Something about the Sleeper—that's you. They have some twisted idea. I don't know what it is. I know nothing. Demology is out of my province."

"Demology?"

"Demology. Ah!"

A shrill bell jetted acutely across the indistinct mingling of remote noises, and this brusque person sprang to a little group of appliances in the corner of the room. He listened for a moment, regarding a ball of crystal, nodded, and said a few indistinct words; then he walked to the wall through which the two men had vanished. It rolled up again like a curtain, and he stood waiting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Trip to Iloilo

BY JOHN F. BASS, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY"—THE FIRST AMERICAN IN ILOILO.

The letter below was written by Mr. John F. Bass on October 8, and he seems to have left Iloilo four days before, on his return trip to Manila. Mr. Bass was the first American, since the war broke out, to visit Iloilo, and his observations there are of especial interest, since they have been so completely verified by what has happened within the last few weeks. Not only is the letter interesting because it treats of the second important seaport in the Philippines, but Mr. Bass's observations, it will be seen, led him to expect the capture of the place by the insurgents. The island was surrendered by General Rios to the insurgents, who took possession of the city on the 26th of December. General Otis had sent Colonel Potter on a fast vessel to communicate with the Spanish general, and to notify him of the completion of the treaty, and of the fact that his government had ceded the islands to the United States. When Colonel Potter reached Iloilo he found Aguinaldo's flag flying. This fact naturally complicates the situation in the Philippines, and makes the insurgents all the more insistent upon the independence of the archipelago, and the recognition of the independence of their government. There is some suspicion, given expression to by General Merritt, of bad faith on the part of General Rios; and it may be that he might have held on until United States troops reached Panay, the island of which Iloilo is the port, to relieve him and his force. The news of the surrender of Iloilo reached this country on the same day on which the news came of the resignation of Aguinaldo's milder cabinet, to be replaced by a cabinet very much more hostile to the United States, and to control of the islands by the United States, than the old cabinet was.—Editor "*HARPER'S WEEKLY*."

MANILA, *October 8, 1898.*

"YES," said the old resident, "I know many things about the country, but perhaps I cannot tell them. They consist largely of detailed impressions absorbed by a long process of hard-earned experience. Is the native reliable, and can you trust him? Well, that depends. All peoples have their peculiarities, and you must know them thoroughly before you can deal with them successfully; you know the old saying, trust an Arab with anything but sweets. Well, the native is not the Anglo-Saxon, but he is a good fellow, and if you try to take his point of view occasionally, you will get along with him capitally."

Although it is quite true that to know a people it is necessary to have dwelt long among them, there are certain finger-posts along the path of every traveller which tell him where the road is leading, and even the casual visitor, if he be wide awake, can find in trivial experiences the tone of national character—"Si, si, señor; mañana."

The last word is simple enough, and catches the ear pleasantly. Who for a moment would suspect that in it lies the world-problem for the Philippines—social, political, and mercantile? Ask the meaning of the word, and you will be told it signifies "in the morning," or to-morrow. How seemingly clear and definite! And yet "mañana" never arrives. The sun rises, and, to all appearances, "mañana" is at hand; but no, it lies as far in the future as does infinity in the theory of limits. Life in the Philippines is a race like that of Achilles after the tortoise. In pursuit of "mañana" you get nearer and nearer to the goal, but can never quite reach it. "Mañana" your washer-woman will bring your clothes; "mañana" your tailor will finish your suit. What an opportunity for the professional reformer! for until the iron rule of Queen Mañana has been broken, nothing can be accomplished in the Philippines. Every one recognizes the difficulty. The American soldier, with characteristic rashness, ignoring the fact that it lies at the root of all life here, refuses to listen to the word, and holds it up to ridicule. The native, on the other hand, recognizes the impossibility of ignoring the mysterious "mañana." Climate, customs, race tendencies, all combine in favor of "mañana," and consequently the native has given up to despair. If he uses the word "mañana" in his business dealings, and you try to pin him down to a categorical explanation of what this great time mystery actually is, he immediately lapses into the silence of hopelessness, and uses that other expression which contains in itself the unsatisfactory solution to the problem offered by Spanish misrule and Malay indifference: "No sabe" (I don't know; and if I did I would not tell you).

The *Butuan* was to sail "mañana" for Iloilo. The papers had published the fact for several days, yet the day never seemed to arrive. The steamship company assured us that for some reason the time had not yet arrived; the papers continued to hold out forlorn hopes that on the next day "Mañana" would permit the ship to start; and one bright morning our hopes seemed about to be realized, for the captain of the *Butuan* assured us that the ship would sail at five in the evening. We rushed about, drew money from the bank, secured our state-rooms, and packed our bags. Alas! again we were doomed to disappointment. In the afternoon persons of high station, who were evidently more or less in the confidence of the goddess Mañana, assured us that the ship would not raise anchor until next morning. They told us this fact under the promise of secrecy. It might be supposed that the time of sailing of a steamer would have been made as public as possible, but so great is the secrecy with which the time-goddess Mañana covers her actions that up to the moment of departure only half a dozen people were let into the secret. All of the passengers spent the night in the hot stuffy cabins of the ship.

In the gray of dawning we hurried through the sleeping town down to the wharf where the *Butuan* was fast. The church bells began to call the worshippers to early mass, and devotees scurried along, indistinct in the dim light. Near the church door venders of candles and wax figures burned their small lamps, which threw on the pavement long thin black shadows of the passers-by and shone with yellow glimmer on the faces of sleepy buyers. The black-robed priest swung open the church door and admitted the gathered crowd of penitents. A moment we watched the sight, then hurried on to the ship.

Out of Manila Harbor, past the war-ships, then south among the many islands which fill the sea with great green patches, the *Butuan* passed. For three hundred odd miles we scarcely lost sight of land. Once, as we wound in and out among the islands, where the graceful bamboo waved to the wind, and the tall palms stretched their naked trunks with bushy head towards heaven in proud disdain for the mass of humbler foliage below them, we thought what a beautiful summer, or rather winter, resort these islands would make if they were only nearer home! Indeed a beautiful country, and as we entered the narrow strait between the islands of Negros and Panay, a great hill like a pyramid rose abruptly from the sea, called Sugar Loaf. Near this mountain lies Concepcion, where the insurgents have pushed forward in their advance on Iloilo. The chief engineer pointed the places out to us. He was a Scotchman, and had been on the *Butuan* for fifteen years. In spite of his long sojourn in the East, he was as pure a Scotchman as if he had left the Highlands but yesterday, as conservative in his statements, and as fond of good whiskey as befits a "wee Skutchmun." His had been a life of adventure; but we had to learn his history from other people, for nary a yarn about himself could we get out of him. Later we learned that the *Butuan* had once been sunk in a storm when he was in the engine-room. The natives, who could not understand how he got out, even to-day say that he came up through the fire-box and out of the smoke-stack. At any rate, he was slow in getting to the surface, and came up sputtering near an English passenger. "Mun!" said the Scotchman, "I've lost me fiddle!"

At last the low tin roofs of Iloilo appeared through the rays of sun that pierced a heavy squall ahead, the green hills in the distance framing the narrow channel between the islands of Panay and Guimaras.

There was a delay of an hour in getting into the river, one bank of which is lined with sugar-warehouses. Some of our party had no passports, and the Spanish captain in charge of the custom-house requested us most politely to come up to see the governor, as the latter was always pleased to see all strangers who arrived in Iloilo. The request, although couched in most courteous form, was evidently an order. We were about to follow the captain, when the manager of the Hong-kong Bank intervened, and, by judicious wire-pulling, gained us the time to eat a bite and wash up before we visited General Rios. The general we found a charming man, most profuse in his friendly professions and promises to expedite our further journey through the islands. These promises he never fulfilled; nor could we blame him much, for we were the first Americans who had come to Iloilo since the beginning of the war, and, considering our position, we were treated most courteously, although regarded with suspicion.

Iloilo, although the centre of the sugar business in the Philippines, does not possess a hotel, and we were obliged, *nolens volens*, to accept the hospitality of the British colony—composed, by-the-way, with one exception, of Scotchmen. It seems that Scotchmen only are capable of doing business in a Spanish colony and remaining sane. The drear monotony of Iloilo life is somewhat seasoned by this little body of Scotchmen. They have formed a delightful little club, with a library (the only one in town, I am inclined to think), a billiard-room, and card-room. There is also a tennis club and several summer-houses at Guimaras. I was much impressed with the manner in which these Scotchmen kept themselves up to the requirements of civilized life. There was not one of them that did not pine to be home; and yet they have not degenerated into the slovenly ways of the natives, and are always smart, and try to keep up a certain amount of style and "side."

They are all unanimous in their desire to have "Uncle Sam" take all of the islands, and on this topic alone they lose their native conservatism and coolness. They are very sore because an American ship was not sent down to take Iloilo. A single ship could easily have done it. To-day the weakness of the Spanish government is such that it is only by the most vigorous methods that the town of Iloilo does not fall into the hands of the revolutionists. The result is that business is nearly at a standstill, even now that the war is over. Every day a new story comes to hand of sugar-plantations destroyed, and the owners either killed or taken prisoners. In the islands of Panay and Cebu, two of the richest in the country, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property has been destroyed, and all business with the interior is impossible.

The difficulties with the Spanish custom-house are perhaps increased on account of the war, because the officials, not knowing what the result will be, are making a final grab. The usual method of swindling is as follows: A custom-house official goes to one of the agents of a foreign house in Iloilo and proposes to charge the firm with the ordinary duty, but only turn in to the government fifty per cent.; half of the remaining fifty per cent. goes to the agent; the other half goes to the customs official. If one refuses to enter into the fraud, he has a life-long enemy in the custom-house. The difficulty with the currency is now increased by the fact that Mexican dollars of all dates are current in Manila, whereas, according to Spanish law, no Mexican dollars later than the date of 1878 are current in Iloilo. This law was passed in order to maintain a high purchasing power for the silver dollar. In this way the Spanish officials received small salaries from Spain and lived well in the Philippines. Now when a shipment of silver comes from Manila, where all dates of Mexican dollars circulate, if a single dollar of later date than 1878 gets into the lot, it is liable to confiscation. I am persuaded that the exigencies of trade require that the whole group of the Philippines should be under one government.

Iloilo, at present, although quiet to all appearances, is really like a quiet volcano, boiling underneath, but ready at any moment to break out into active revolution. The Catapunin society has already organized the natives into a potential army. One of the servants of our host was a lieutenant in the mysterious army. I am told that they are merely waiting for the decision of the Paris conference. If the Spaniards are to keep the island of Panay, revolution, full fledged, will break out in the town of Iloilo itself. In the mean time the revolutionists in the interior of the island are driving the Spanish troops gradually back on Iloilo. The town is very badly defended. There are no fortifications about it. An old fort without any guns squats helplessly on a small promontory in the harbor. There are only some eight hundred Spanish soldiers on the island; the rest of the troops are all native-born, and are undoubtedly involved with the revolutionists. As yet the revolutionists in the interior are badly armed, but supplies of rifles and ammunition are being sent down from Aguinaldo's headquarters in Luzon, and before long the natives will be well armed with Mauser rifles.

Troops are constantly coming in and going out of Iloilo, to and from different places in Cebu and Panay where the insurgents gather. The troops are always sent away at night, apparently to keep the inhabitants in ignorance of what is going on in the interior. The Spaniards celebrated a victory while we were in Iloilo. The troops were reviewed, and the governor received the congratulations of the people. In the evening there was a dance. The papers reported the loss of six Spaniards killed and twenty wounded; the loss on the insurgent side was said to be great. As a matter of fact, it seems doubtful if the Spaniards had the upper hand in the fight. The Chinese, who are impartial, and communicate with one another throughout the island in Chinese characters which they alone can read, report that the Spaniards were defeated.

How unreliable the local press is will be seen from the following abstract, which appeared on the day of our arrival. This extract, which states that American soldiers are shooting down Spaniards and natives in the streets of Manila whenever they please, shows the methods used to deceive the native population about American government:

DO NOT EXCHANGE.

From travellers arriving yesterday from Manila we have heard of the conduct of the Yankees in that town toward the natives.

Fire-arms are used regularly for the most insignificant cause, because for this there is a lack of justice. In direct disregard of orders, they point carbines at the face, and fire shots at the wisest and most able.

They laugh at the nobility of the Spaniards, and say that the measures which we employ are big—and of little utility. Any Yankee soldier has the right to take the life of those disgraced ones.

Various shooting affrays carried to a head in the open street have been referred to us, and without their commission having other result than the sentence of the soldier immediately responsible.

As is natural, this conduct, so little in harmony with Spanish sentiments, is here vigorously censured, notwithstanding that all know that it is the method employed with the unhappy natives of America, whose race is on the verge of disappearance.

One of the Yankee personages of most knowledge in Manila, according to what a person who has means of knowing tells us, said not many days ago that to exterminate the Tagal race would require fifteen years. Already it has entered into their calculations to employ in Luzon the method followed in America. What deception more horrible has been practised till now than that which the Yankees have assisted in against these islands?

To this date they will not call its best people allies. Of their future hap the Filipinos cannot complain. They have fashioned their own disgrace.

When our arrival became known the whole tone of the press changed, and complimentary notices of our presence appeared in all of the papers. The natives do not appear to be deceived by the bombastic untruths of the press, for, as far as we were able to learn, the natives would welcome an American government enthusiastically. The inhabitants of the island of Panay are not on friendly terms with those of Luzon, and at heart they do not like the idea of being governed by Tagalos from Luzon.

If the United States take Luzon, and leave the rest of the islands to Spain, we shall find ourselves obliged either to help Spain suppress the revolution or allow foreign interference. We shall come into conflict with the revolutionists in Luzon, who will undoubtedly send out expeditions to help the insurrection in other islands. We shall be in constant trouble with incompetent and dishonest Spanish officials. It will be the Cuban affair over again. Only this time we shall be far from our base of supplies, and foreign intervention is likely to be much more vigorous. It would be much better not to take any of the islands than to take Luzon alone. All things considered, I very much doubt if the United States will gain anything by making the Philippines a colony.

We wanted to visit other places in the islands, but the "mañana" policy of the general prevented our doing so, and we found ourselves obliged to return to Manila. We could not even leave Iloilo without permission from the general. He granted the permission eagerly, only too glad to get rid of the troublesome Americanos.

The ship was crowded with Spanish refugees who had fled from the provinces and were on their way home. Among the passengers were twenty priests. They also were refugees from small villages in the interior. Before leaving they deposited in the bank hundreds of thousand of dollars and got drafts on Spain. Even those who came from very small villages brought away small fortunes with them. We began to understand why the natives hate the priests. Thirty hours of companionship with these priests considerably added to our aversion for them. They were a filthy lot of bestial-looking men, with as villanous-looking faces as I have ever seen. They come from the lowest class in Spain, and are as ignorant as possible. Their personal uncleanliness cannot be described in print. The finishing-touch was given when, on the morning of our landing, all the priests discarded their filthy robes, and came on deck dressed as civilians. They evidently feared to enter Manila in their priestly robes, thus adding cowardice to their other virtues. It is not from the priests that the natives have learned personal cleanliness, for the natives are very clean about their persons, considering their state of civilization.

Thus ended the first invasion of "bloodthirsty Americans" in Iloilo.

When John's Away

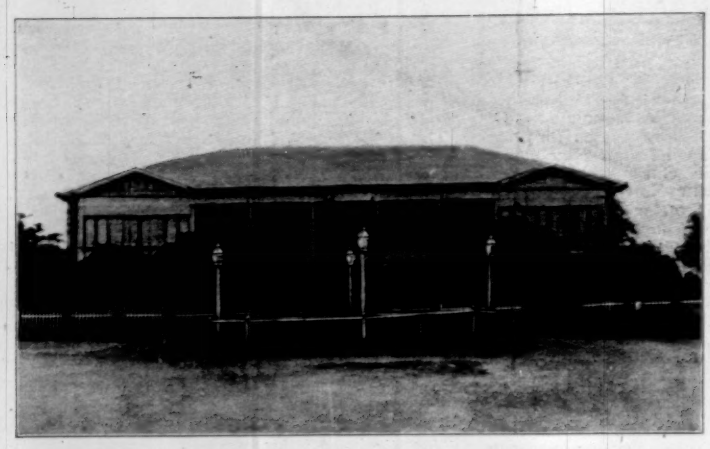
HIS pipe is cold upon the shelf,
His jolly dog's a lone estray;
The house is quite unlike itself
When John's away.

We miss his whistle on the stair,
We miss the turning of his key,
His cheery mandolin's favorite air,
His company.

And when his cheery letters come
We seem to read between the lines,
A wistful yearning for his home
Our love divines.

Oh! army blue that shines so bright,
Oh! army blue that looks so warm,
It folds full many a heartache tight,
That uniform.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



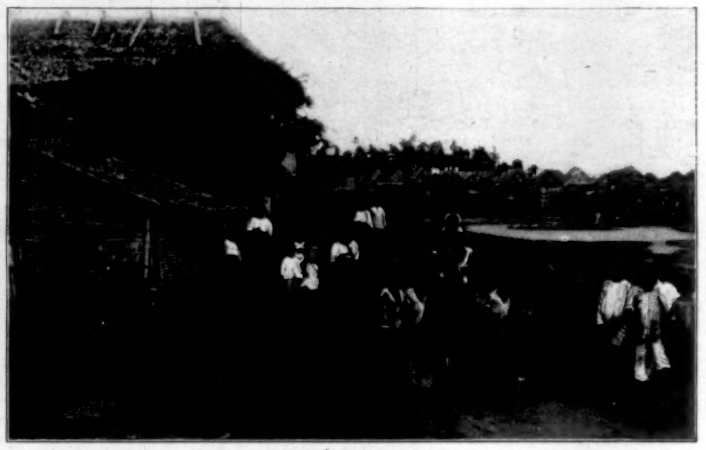
GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ILOILO.

SAN PEDRO STREET AT THE CEMETERY, ILOILO.

LONDERO STREET, MOLO.

GENERAL ANCHORAGE FOR SAILING-SHIPS, ILOILO.

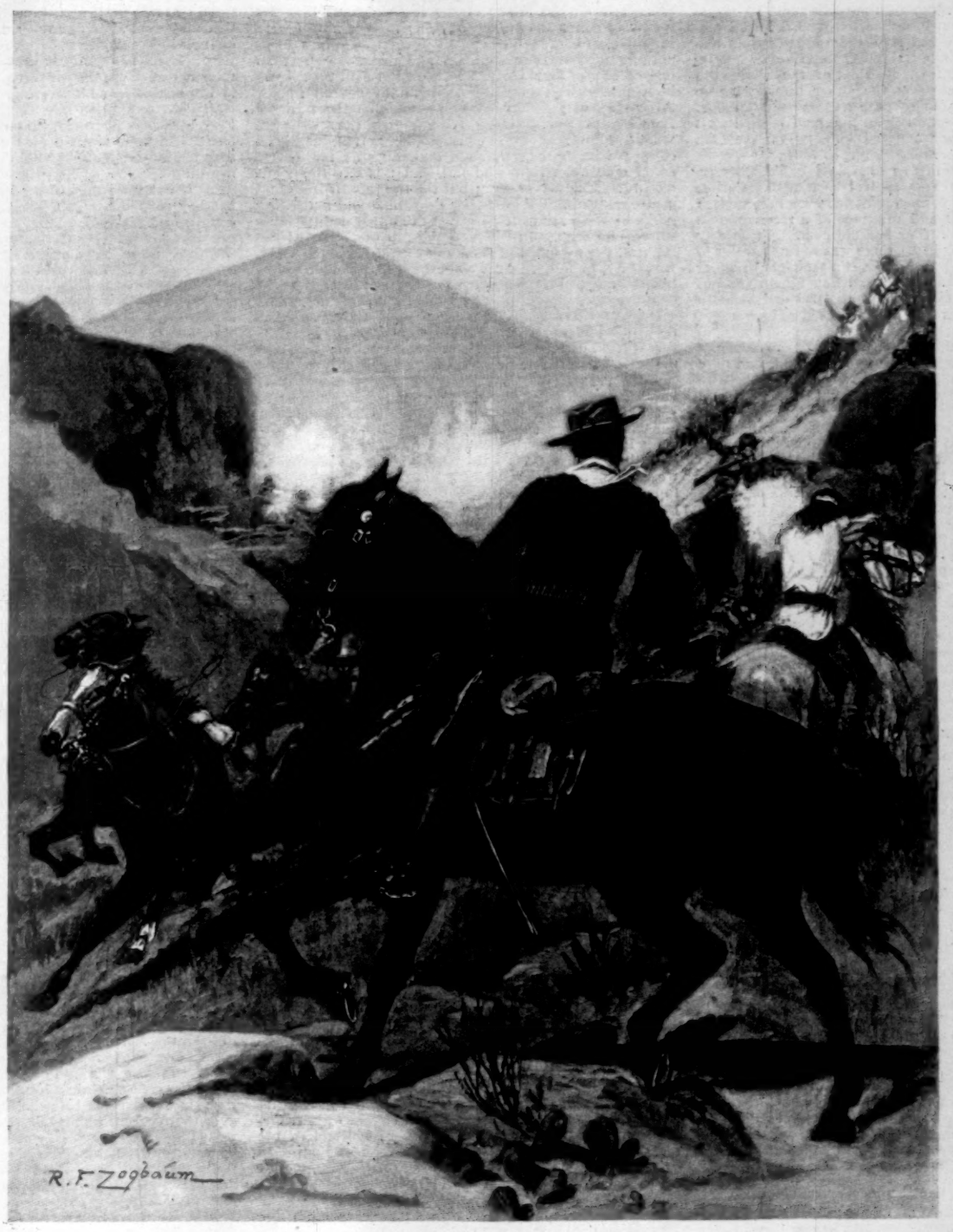
CHURCH OF MOLO.



ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN OF MOLO.

WHARVES AT ILOILO.

ILOILO AND VICINITY—THE SCENE OF THE STRAINED RELATIONS BETWEEN OUR TROOPS AND THE INSURGENTS.—[SEE PAGE 41.]



AN APACHE RAID

By General George A. Forsyth, U.S.A.

IN the spring of 1882 I was in command of six troops of the Fourth United States Cavalry in the field, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, between the stations of Separ and Lordsburg, in the Territory of New Mexico.

Word had come to us that the renegade Apaches in Mexico were known to be contemplating a movement that might and probably would eventuate in their trying to enter the Apache reservation at San Carlos, Arizona, and compel the reservation Indians to break out and go back to Mexico with them. This the authorities wished to prevent; consequently we lay close to the border-line and kept watch and ward along the Mexican frontier as well as we were able, for it is a line of country easily crossed, and there is no difficulty in a lone Indian scout keeping an eye on an organized force, unseen by it, and at night hurrying back to warn his war party to ware danger; and the Apaches are all good scouts, and, as past masters in the art of deception, something more. For some years prior to the date of which I write the White Mountain Apaches had been waging a desultory but bloody warfare upon the ranchmen of the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and so many times had they apparently accepted peace, only to break out again into open hostilities at the first favorable opportunity, that the exasperated settlers almost unanimously demanded their extermination; and from their stand-point much could have been said to justify such an extreme measure. Cruel, crafty, wary, quick to scent danger, equally active to discover a weak or exposed place within his reach, tireless when pursued, patient in defeat, and merciless in success, always seeking the maximum of gain at the minimum of risk, the Apache was well named by the late General George Crook "the tiger of the human species."

Reckless to temerity in pursuit of a flying foe, should his enemy turn at bay, his pursuer instantly sought cover, and took no avoidable risk for glory's sake. Yet, when finally driven to bay himself, he gave no evidence of fear, and dying like a warrior, only ceased fighting at his last gasp.

An Apache, once having shed the blood of a white man, whether in battle, in a foray against the ranchers, the capture of a stage-coach or freighters' train, or by the cowardly murder of some lone prospecting miner, seemed to develop an unquenchable desire for rapine and murder, and thenceforward grew moody, restless, and uneasy within the limits of his reservation, and sooner or later disappeared from it, and joined the renegades who in the times I write of roamed at will among the rugged fastnesses of the Sierra Madre Mountains from twenty to fifty miles within the borders of old Mexico. This range of mountains varies in width from forty to one hundred and sixty miles, and in places is almost entirely uninhabited. From the comparative safety of this vantage-ground the renegade Apaches patiently waited an opportune moment to move quietly up to our line, avoiding the few Mexican mountain towns and outlying ranches and well-known trails, rarely or never following or even crossing a beaten path, but creeping through the unsettled stretches of the mountains and traversing the intervening valleys at night, concealed themselves well up in some cañon in the mountains, within striking distance of the border, and lay concealed, resting, and waiting the return and report of their individual scouts; then crossing our border at night, they halted in some unfrequented spot till early dawn, when, stealing closely down to some lone ranch, they lay in ambush until the ranchmen rode out upon the range, suddenly shot them down, raided the house, outraging and killing its inmates, plundered it of fire-arms and whatever else took their fancy, and then rode rapidly on to repeat the same scenes of plunder, outrage, and pillage at other outlying ranches along the route that they had previously marked out, leaving a bloody trail of dead men, women, and children to mark their course. They rarely spent more than one night within our borders, and it has happened that even before word reached the border settlements or frontier army posts they were already across the line back in old Mexico, and safe in their mountain eyrie, the only evidence of their work being the scenes of blood and desolation they left behind them. Is it to be wondered at that the frontiersmen were bitter?

On the 21st of April a telegram advised me that the renegade Apaches had appeared on the San Carlos Reservation, killed several whites, including the chief of the Indian police—a splendid young fellow named Sterling, who was fascinated with Indian life, and who had for some time been in command of a body of friendly Apache scouts—carried off Chief Locos's entire band, including the women and children, and having been joined by a number of the Chiricahua Apaches, had started back for Mexico. It was impossible to determine with accuracy the route they would take; but as the whole country was at this time unusually dry, many of the springs and water

holes having dried up, I thought it probable that they would follow the trend of the watercourses that would bring them nearest to the Mexican border, so I concluded that they would make for the Gila River, somewhere beyond the Steins Pass range of mountains, and try to get back that way. Before I had left my post, Fort Cummings, New Mexico, I had sent the Indian scouts stationed there out on a scout through the Hatchet Mountains, under Lieutenant C. 'S. Hall, of the Thirteenth Infantry, and I at once sent the above information to him, ordering him to join me in the field immediately. At Lordsburg I had a telegram from him, and replied to it by ordering him to join me at Richmond, on the Gila River, scouting the Burro Mountains *en route*.

I had gone to Lordsburg as soon as I could, after receiving notice that the Apaches had been at San Carlos, and from there moved at once to Steins Pass range. Our Indian scouts could not find any trace of a recent Indian trail, so I concluded that they had not come up that way from Mexico. Knowing that there was not any water to be had at Steins Pass, I had directed a tank car of water to be sent to the station there from San Simon station. We camped there on the night of the 22d and made a dry camp. At 3.20 A.M. on the 23d we fed and groomed, and at four o'clock the welcome tank car reached us, and the horses of the entire command were watered from camp-kettles—slow work, especially as the tank had only two faucets that could be used. Before six o'clock we started for Richmond, moving down into the plain and cutting directly across it, heading for the Richmond road. Before starting I ordered Lieutenant D. N. McDonald, of the Fourth Cavalry, to take six of the mounted scouts who had come from Fort Craig, New Mexico, and two enlisted men, and to try to cut any Indian trails he might find along the southeastern end of Steins Pass range. At his especial request I dismounted one of the other scouts and gave him our most reliable Apache scout, Yuma Bill, who spoke English very well, and was an unusually fine Indian, and I also sent our six dismounted scouts along the base of the same range, but further out among the foot-hills. We had gone about three miles on our way, when Lieutenant McDonald sent word that he had struck a trail, twelve hours old, of ten dismounted Indians going in our direction, that is, towards the Gila River. I at once determined in my own mind that this was a party of renegades going up to help their comrades back to Mexico. It was an error on my part for which I was afterwards heartily sorry. An hour later and I had another despatch, stating that fifteen more Indians had come in on the trail, having with them one mule and two horses, and were still tending northward. I sent two enlisted men back with his messenger and continued my march. It was an intensely hot day, and the sun beat fiercely down, while the plain was baked to a thin crust everywhere. McDonald had turned the southern end of the pass and was moving northwesterly along the base of the range, and the command was probably sixteen miles away, when a half-suppressed shout ran up from the rear of the column, and turning my head, I saw one of our Indian scouts, still nearly a mile away, riding at full speed for our column, lashing his horse at every stride and digging his heels into his sides with desperate energy, his long black hair waving wildly behind him as he came towards us. In a moment more he had by words and signs told his tale. Lieutenant McDonald had been ambushed, Yuma Bill and three of the other scouts killed, and McDonald and his remaining men were in a rocky place trying to stand off a large body of Chiricahua Apaches. Instantly the bugles rang out, "Left turn, trot," and a few seconds later "Gallop," and the command was speeding to the rescue. As I have said, it was stiflingly hot. The sand of the plain, wet months before by a winter rain, had caked, and was crusted for an inch or so, and the stride of the horses broke it to bits as we swept over it. Each one of the troop commanders had turned on his own ground, so that we were galloping in echelon, and the sand rose up in clouds as we passed. Once one of my lieutenants, Mason, put his hand on my arm, saying, "Our horses can never live at this pace." "They must live till we reach McDonald," was my reply; but I had little fear. The Fourth Cavalry mount was a splendid one, and the horses ever so fit and hard as nails for the work. It was a sixteen-mile gallop through sand and mesquite-bushes and little arroyas, and now and then over a stretch of stones washed from the mountains, rough and hot and fearfully dusty, and I doubt if those who swept across the Gila River plain into the foot-hills of Steins Pass range ever forget it. As we neared the base of the range we heard several shots, and glancing up, we saw Lieutenant McDonald riding along on the crest of one of the outlying spurs of the pass, waving his carbine as he came towards us. A hearty cheer broke from the command, for McDonald was a popular officer. I am now going to let him tell the story of the ambuscade almost in his own words, as he has kindly written out his experience on that occasion, and I can add nothing that is of so much interest as the bare facts.

LIEUTENANT McDONALD'S STORY.

"I WAS ordered to take my six Apache scouts, including Yuma Bill, who was given me at my especial request, together with a corporal from my own troop, strike directly into the mountains, and search for a fresh trail of the hostiles, while the main command pushed out of the foot-hills and across the plain toward Richmond, a little settlement on the Gila River. Risk of the few for the good of the many in the military service is good for the many, but occasionally tough on the few. However, we struck into the heart of the range almost due north, and soon discovered the old Indian trail. It ran through the heaviest part of the mountains, passing over terribly rough places and through narrow gorges, where the chances for an ambuscade were so great that I experienced considerable difficulty in compelling the scouts to go forward. I changed the usual Indian tactics of following trail in file to sending one Indian, Yuma Bill, ahead, and scattering the rest right and left about one hundred yards apart, while I rode within a few yards of Bill, watching them all, and indicating to the flankers, when the trail led into a particularly dangerous place, to sweep out around and try to look in behind the position as far as possible to discover if an ambuscade were laid. All such movements were made at the best gait possible, considering the rough and rugged country we were passing over, and wherever we could do so we advanced rapidly from cover to cover, so as to lessen the danger of being hit by the bullet of any lurking foe. Our manner of advance had been determined after a thorough consultation, and I had impressed it on the minds of the Indian scouts that my way was better than their own, as it was now nearly impossible for the Apaches to conceal themselves so as entirely to cover our approach and pick off more than one or two of our party, while, on the contrary, if we kept pretty well bunched they might get all of us. After we had gone some twelve miles on the trail we found a transverse ridge lying across the pathway, which ridge rose to a considerable height, and was capped with a rock palisade extending as far as we could see to the right and left, and this effectually cut off all flanking movements; but the trail at our front and centre ran through a gradually deepening and narrowing gorge between solid rock, until at the upper end the sides were quite high. Just beyond the top there floated the faintest, thinnest mist of smoke in the atmosphere, which would not be noticed by a tenderfoot, and which I could barely distinguish even when my eagle-eyed scouts had called my attention to it. Yuma Bill and those nearest us said that the Apaches were up there in an ambuscade that they had laid for us; that there was no doubt about it; that a band of them had camped and cooked there the night before, and, on our approach being discovered, they put out and covered their fires, but had left a few faint indications behind them. It was not possible for us to get a view in behind their supposed position by the use of our flanking scouts, so the only approach was the narrow defile in front through which the trail led, and to follow it probably meant death to some of us, as the hostiles were supposed to be lying to the right and left of it on top of the high rocks, and would let us pass in and enclose us on all sides before opening fire. To my order to go on, and explanation that a soldier had to risk his life if necessary to carry out his orders, they most solemnly demurred; neither would any single one consent to go through and develop the position on my promise to make all available dispositions to cover his retreat should he discover the enemy's position without being killed. I had sent off my corporal with a despatch, and he had not yet returned, so I was alone with the six Indians; and as neither force nor persuasion would avail, I finally taunted them as cowards and squaws, telling them that if they dared not go their commander would, and that he, for one, was not afraid of the Chiricahua Apaches. It being evident that a man would have no chance mounted, I dismounted and gave my bridle rein to one of the scouts, and instructed them to watch and give me what protection they could; but if I was killed, or so badly wounded as to be unable to get back to them, to keep together and defend themselves, and work back to the cavalry command. After most carefully examining my arms, with my carbine in hand, cocked and ready to fire at a flash, with a great show of boldness I struck out on the trail, indulging in a little parting bravado that I could whip the whole Apache tribe. Advancing into the defile, I soon lost sight of the scouts, and as I approached the summit, only a few yards at most could be seen either to the front or rear, as the trail ran through a deep and narrow passage with many turns and angles. Constantly expecting to hear the sharp crack of a rifle, I tried to see in front, behind, and above, lest a hideous Apache should quietly poke his gun over the edge of the chasm and shoot me in the back. So, with every nerve strained to the utmost tension, I cautiously crept from angle to angle, crowding in against one side to avoid a downward shot, yet frequently glancing at the top of the opposite side of the defile to see if the muzzle of a gun or an ugly Apache face might show in that direction. Finally, reaching a point only a few feet from the mouth of the passage, I took shelter behind a projecting angle and peeped through the mouth or doorway, realizing that the passage ended abruptly at the end of the perpendicular walls, and that just beyond was a pretty little circular opening with a nearly smooth floor, walled in in every direction, the rocks decreasing in height as they approached the further side, finally falling away and leaving an open passage out right opposite my position. I could also see scattered about this circular basin several small mounds of ashes, showing where the Indian camp fires had been. At this moment I was startled by the breaking of a twig underfoot to the rear. Whirling instantly with cocked carbine, I saw Yuma Bill, his hand upheld in warning, who had become ashamed and followed me on the trail. He advanced cautiously, furtively glancing around in every direction, closed in behind me and took a look at the little basin, and said, below his breath, 'Apache there; want you to come out!" Whispering, 'Be ready to shoot, Bill; I see if Apache here,' I quickly crossed the space to the mouth of the defile, and then thrusting my head forward, I took one sweeping glance around. A few heaps of ashes, some Indian belongings used in camping scattered among the surrounding rocks, that was all. Bill came across to where I was, and I then stepped out several paces into the open, watching for a sign of the enemy. None appeared. In a moment I said, 'Bill, me no believe Apache here.' He sprang up on a projecting ledge, and looking across the open, said: 'Yes, no Apache here—him gone. I see him trail go over there.' An examination gave us a plain view of the trail going out of this basin, and with the eye we could follow it nearly a mile ahead, showing a different color in that soil, so unused to the footsteps of men. Examining the ground in the vicinity, Bill told me that the Apaches had lain in ambush here, but seeing the smoke from their camp fires still hung over the place, had abandoned it. Resuming our march, we followed the trail with flankers out as at first; within three miles, however, it grew larger by the addition of other Indians, and my scouts grew frightened and difficult to handle. The two Mojave Indians, especially the old one, Moh-kay-nay-hah (Mountain-deer Killer), were stampeded, and had such an influence over the younger one, Quay-day-lay-thay-go (Blood), that they lingered behind and were of no use. It occurred to me, though, that in case we were attacked they would probably go back to the cavalry and give the alarm. On reaching the top of the first high ridge on the eastern side of the range we could distinguish the trail for a considerable distance. It seemed to lead down the mountain-side towards the foot-hills, as if tending towards the great Gila Plain, in a northeasterly direction, where we could see the line of the Gila River as it flowed down from the mountains in New Mexico into Arizona. Turning to Bill, I said: 'Bill, Apaches cross plain to Gila River to kill people in settlements!' 'Me think so too,' was the reply. Just after we entered the foot-hills, on the line of the trail, we came upon two mining prospectors with their burros. To say that they were abject cowards and frightened almost out of their senses would not convey any idea of their condition. These two men ran around in a small circle, with their hands, jaws, and apparently the very skin on their bodies shaking and quivering, the guns in their hands oscillating to and fro like the hands of a palsied person. Perspiration in huge drops ran down their faces, hair, and beard, and they were utterly incapable of making the very slightest defence. Although I stood before them in my uniform and spoke to them, telling them who we were, it was several moments before they seemed to realize they were not to be massacred. Finally I gave them a savage tongue-lashing, that brought them to somewhat; but I could get no information from them, and telling them that there were hostiles about, ordered them to pack up and go to Lordsburg, and stay there until the Indian troubles were over. This species of dementia from fear is not particularly new. I had seen it once before in one of my own sergeants, who on other occasions had shown himself a brave man, and I was destined to see it again before nightfall. Going back to my scouts, who were laughing, Yuma Bill said, 'White man heap scared; no catchum news!' 'No, Bill, no catchum news; let's go catchum trail.' But, naturally, instead of going back to the spot where we had left the trail, and where the two Mojave scouts were sitting on their horses, we moved obliquely to the front to cut it—myself, Bill, and the three other Yumas in front; the corporal, who had rejoined me, following on behind; the two Mojaves keeping their old position in the rear. Not cutting the trail as soon as we expected, Bill said that the Indians must have turned back into the mountains, and pointing to a great rock, several hundred feet in length, that lay at the base of a mountain spur at our left front, said that we would pick up the trail somewhere between us and that rock. I was much inclined to approach the rock in our former way, with flankers out to try and see behind it, but fearing that the scouts might doubt my courage from such precautions in that locality, and my experience with Indians having taught me that no leader whose courage was doubted in the least could have any influence over them, and having spent years with them, studying their habits, customs, and language, I thoroughly comprehended the importance of not seeming to fear anything whatever, so I abandoned the idea, and, against my best intuitions, we rode along grouped together, Yuma Bill on my right, the other three on my left, with the corporal in our rear. The trail was so obscure that we were only a few feet from the rock when Bill pointed it out as it skirted its base and abruptly rounded its end, and then, immediately looking to the right behind the eastward end of the rock, he called out, 'Two Indians,' pointing toward them. We all saw them; and then, in compliance with my instructions that in case any one saw the hostiles he was instantly to drop back out of sight, but not to fire—signalling the rest of us, who would watch the hostiles from concealment and learn what we could of them, while a courier was sent to notify the main body and bring it up—we drew quickly back and jammed in together behind the rock, with our knees and legs touching, bodies leaning forward, and heads peering to the right to see what would develop over there, half a mile away, where the two Indians were quietly walking along. This was the natural thing to do, as the rock was so high that, sitting erect in our saddles, only our heads and a small portion of our bodies would have shown above it. All this happened in a few seconds, and as the horses' heads reached the rock it brought us five abreast. It then seemed to occur to Yuma Bill that he had not looked over the rock; or he may have heard some noise, for he jerked his face so suddenly and quickly to the front that he came near striking it against mine as I was leaning looking to the right. I believe that the portion of a second that I gained in suddenly jerking my face out of the way and his looking over the top of the rock as quickly as he did saved my life, for in a flash I saw poked over the rock a thick array of gun-barrels, with twelve or fifteen Indian heads and faces showing behind them. At the same instant Bill cried out, in an intense shriek, as if it was one word, the sentence, 'Watch out, Lieutenant McDonald!' Throwing myself forward on my horse's neck, I grasped the reins close to the bit on each side to turn him away, and then came the volley, and with the smoke in my face and eyes I threw my horse's head to the left about, over the bodies of the three dead Yumas, that had been riding on my left, and had now fallen under his feet. I knew, from an exclamation, that Bill had been struck, and somehow was conscious that he had not fallen from his saddle. I heard the corporal, who, being a little behind and lower down the slope, had not been exposed to the volley, wheel to the rear and call, 'Come on, Lieutenant,' and I galloped after him, the three troop-horses that the dead scouts had ridden whirling and running abreast of me, as they had been drilled to do in the troop, and we made for a moment a correct set of fours, in retreat; but realizing that it would not do to go so rapidly, I called to the corporal to watch out for his horse, and began pulling in on my own, fearing he would fall in the descent and cripple both me and himself. Old Don was a splendid animal, but hard-mouthed, and I pulled so hard that I actually sprung one branch of a fine steel bit before I could stop him. When I had gotten say fifty yards away I came to a quick halt and wheeled left about, getting a bullet through my hat as I did it, and another singed my jaw and neck. At this moment a tremendous volley belched forth from just behind the rock, and I realized that there was another and much larger body of Indians lying there. Still, I took aim and fired at the Indians who were on top of the big rock shooting at us, and instantly they jumped, rolled, and tumbled off in all directions, seeking safety; for Indians hunt cover always if it can be had. Just as I turned to face the enemy I saw a sight that I shall never forget. Yuma Bill had stopped and turned almost simultaneously with myself—possibly a second sooner. As his horse halted, facing the foe, he rose upright in his stirrups, standing straight as an arrow, every nerve and muscle at full tension, his big eyes blazing and his long black hair floating behind him, even his horse standing with the glory of the battle on him (and it is glorious, if cruel), with arched neck and fiery eyes, in an expectant attitude, ready to leap, but nevertheless standing stock-

still, I saw Bill's long rifle come up swift and steady, but I saw no more. I was closing the breech-block of my carbine and raising it to my shoulder, I heard the report of Bill's gun, and immediately came the heavy volley I have mentioned, followed by my own shot, and the disappearance of the Indians on the rocks in front of me.

"It was time to wheel now, and as I closed in my second cartridge I turned to the rightabout looking for Bill. There stood his horse with his neck distended and blood pouring from several wounds. Bill still in the saddle, but drooping forward, his head turning downward by the side of his horse's neck. I saw his head touch the tip of the horse's mane, which was towards me, and I suppose he fell on his head, but I did not see him leave the saddle, for my horse turned and again dashed to the rear, and during the next three or four hundred yards splinters of rocks and gravel struck us both, thrown up by the hot fire of the Apaches. Catching up with the corporal, we turned again at 700 yards distance, and paused to see their location and judge of their number. I pulled out my watch and looked at the hour. We estimated the hostiles at 150, and saw that we had only struck the first point of the ambuscade. We had no time to linger, so I signalled the two Mojave scouts to join us, which they did. Then we came once more upon the two mining prospectors, who had heard the firing and were again running around as before, moaning and crying. We put them upon the horses of the dead scouts, which had followed us, after I had taken my carbine and knocked a little sense into them, telling them to go to Lordsburg, and then I picked out a good position on which to build rifle pits, when suddenly the young Mojave scout called my attention to some Indians running toward us through some mesquite-bushes. We at first thought them hostiles and were about to fire, when, to our delight, we saw that they were some of our own Indian scouts. The old medicine-man, our oldest Mojave scout, was almost paralyzed with fear, and as the six scouts reached us he made the sign dead and continued to talk to them for a few seconds, and then these scouts, who had come to our rescue on hearing the firing, went all to pieces with fear and began running around in the wildest excitement. Seeing that it would not take many seconds for them to become demoralized beyond control, I set in cursing roundly and abusing them for cowards, telling them to fight and kill the Apaches and not behave like squaws. Suddenly the largest Indian stripped off his blouse, and, naked to his gee-string, ejaculated, in stentorian tones, 'I fight and kill Apache Chiricahua!' Instantly the others seemed to come to themselves, began to strip for battle, and in another moment were building rifle-pits at the places pointed out to them, with all possible energy. This big Indian told me that the command was away from the mountains, well out in the plain. I then mounted Quah-day-lay-thay-go on Jumping Jack, our troop race-horse, which I had with me, and told him to find the command and tell General Forsyth our situation and bring the troops to our aid. Then I rearranged my Indians in their rifle-pits and had them build me one. Meanwhile the hostiles, having despoiled and mutilated the bodies of the dead scouts, brought them out to where Yuma Bill lay dead, and building a hot fire of dead amole-bushes, proceeded to have a wild dance around the roasting bodies of their enemies, occasionally running towards us, yelling and taunting us, and daring us to come out and fight them. I made a little speech to my scouts on the folly of being scared, and told them, holding up a single cartridge, that in case the Apaches attacked us after their dance, I wanted them to make sure each cartridge told on one of their enemies. I wound up by saying that I believed I could whip off the Apaches myself, and ordering them not to fire unless I should get up and run towards them, I crawled out 300 yards towards the Apache high carnival, and lying under a low-spreading mesquite-bush, very quietly and cautiously laid up a low breastwork of flat rock that was lying near me. Presently two Indians rode out from the group, which was not a thousand yards from where I lay, to a point 800 yards from our rifle-pits, and began pointing at them, talking and gesticulating, evidently about us. Raising my sights to 500 yards, I took deliberate aim at the one sitting still, looked up at the sky to see that my vision was clear, and once more scanned my sights, and seeing that I still held my gun exactly on him, I pulled the trigger slowly and steadily. A puff of smoke, a sharp report, and an Indian leaping up out of the saddle with a bounding motion similar to that of my three scouts killed at the big rock was the result, while the other one wheeled his pony and ran back at full speed, followed by the pony of his companion. My scouts saw him fall out of the saddle and set up a perfect din of ear-splitting war-whoops as I walked back to them. In the mean time we could see a great commotion and excitement among the hostiles. As we could as yet see nothing of the troops, the scouts seemed to have made up their minds that Quah-day-lay-thay-go had either been ambushed or run away, and begged me to take the corporal and bring up the cavalry, promising faithfully that if attacked they would defend themselves from the rifle-pits, and not retreat and be shot down like a band of antelope. The location of the rifle-pits was a good one, and they could not be assailed under cover in any direction; so, taking the corporal with me, we started nearly due east; but noticing, about a mile away on the plain we were heading for, a triangular-shaped mass that stood higher than the rest of the vicinity, I scented danger, so I turned our course southward, so as to pass the end of it 500 yards away. Sure enough, there sat and stood a bunch of Apaches, evidently put on watch to prevent any couriers being sent out from the rifle-pits. At the moment we saw them they were very much excited about something; their ponies were tethered near them, and they were gesticulating and talking excitedly, and even the watch who had been looking in our direction must have gone back to them, and so missed seeing us. The instant they saw us, however, there was a hubbub, shots were exchanged, and mounting their ponies, on they came, some fifteen or eighteen of them. We put our horses at a good gait, going a little south of our former course to avoid losing distance by enabling them to cut across a short angle and thereby gain on us. We soon found that we had the better mounts and that they could not overtake us, so we kept well ahead of them—stopped to breathe our animals until they were within range, took a shot at them, and pushed on again. In about three miles we came out on the plain and struck what in the language of the frontier in those parts is called a 'sliyer'—that is, the hard sun-baked bed of a depression in the soil, only a few inches below the level of the surrounding plain, that in wet weather forms a lake, and in dry times becomes a flat, smooth, crusted surface. We made for the centre, dismounted, and prepared to fight, intending to kill our horses for breast-works if necessary; but as there was not even a blade of grass to protect them and afford cover in case they followed us, I doubted if they would dare to attempt an attack in the open. They stopped and gathered in council. Suddenly we heard firing down at the lower end of the sliyer, and saw dismounted Indians coming out on it, and our pursuers began slowly turning back towards the mountains. One Indian came dashing up on the only horse I had left back at the rifle-pits. I thought it was a hostile who had captured the horse and wished to deceive me, and was about to fire, when he gave the sign of friendship, and I realized he was the big Mojave scout. I asked what the firing was, and who were the Indians on the lower end of the sliyer. He told me that, hearing the report of our guns, the scouts determined to leave the pits and come to our assistance, and had been followed by the Apaches, and were now firing back at them. Happening to cast my eyes to the north over some sand hills just below the sliyer, we could see a cloud of dust coming rapidly nearer us, and realizing that there was no danger of the hostiles coming any further, I galloped across the sliyer and dashed up the hill, and just beyond and below I saw six splendid cavalry troops in beautiful order *en echelon*, sweeping towards us at a full gallop. Quah-day-lay-thay-go had bravely performed his mission, but at the expense of the life of our plucky race-horse 'Jumping Jack.'"

And now that the reader has Lieutenant McDonald's well-told tale of an Apache ambuscade, I will take up my narrative again. In a few words Lieutenant McDonald told me what had happened, and moving my cavalry well up among the foot-hills, but just outside of rifle-range of the enemy, the order was given to dismount and prepare to fight on foot. The position occupied by the hostiles was a capital one. I found them strongly entrenched on the left side of Horse Shoe Cañon, and also in the middle of it, where there was an outlying mass of rugged rocks about four hundred feet in height, a smaller ledge of rocks about thirty feet in height connecting the two places. I formed two flanking parties of two troops each, left one troop with the horses, and moved directly on their front with the other. Major Wirt Davis opened the attack, and in about an hour, by hard work and good climbing, we compelled them to abandon their position and fall back. They then took up a second strong position, which we again flanked them out of, and gradually drove them back into the cañon and up among the high peaks of the range, some of them firing at us from points eight, twelve, and even sixteen hundred feet above us. I never saw a much more rugged place, nor one better adapted to the means of defence. We had forced them far up the cañon, and I regarded the affair about over, as we could no longer reach them. The air was suffocatingly hot in the cañon, and we were weary and very thirsty. On one side of the cañon, near its head, was a small spring of water trickling into a little pool in the rocks, and no sooner was it discerned by our skirmishers than it was surrounded by men with canteens, while others drank from the brim of their campaign hats, and again others threw themselves flat on their faces and lapped up the water, while others scooped up the precious fluid in their hands. Like a flash out of a clear sky came the crack of five or six rifles, and bullets seemed to strike everywhere around us, but no one was hit. The way that thirsty crowd broke for cover was astonishing. In ten seconds every man was covered by a rock, and thirty men were scanning the high cliffs on the opposite side of the cañon with the keenest possible interest. A puff of smoke far up the side and a second volley was sent at us, but ere its sound came echoing back thirty bullets from as many carbines clipped the very edge of the protecting ledge that partially covered the Indians, and it must have hurt them, for it was the last volley fired by the hostiles. In this action I first saw the good effects of our (then new) system of rifle practice. Our men were far better shots than the Indians, and kept them down and under cover almost constantly. Our loss in this affair was slight. To the best of my recollection, one non-commissioned officer, two privates, and four scouts killed, and one commissioned officer and six or eight men wounded. My men were very tired, especially from climbing through the crags. The Apaches abandoned thirty ponies and mules; those we did not need for the use of our scouts we killed.

Indian ponies that cannot be driven along with the command that captures them are killed, to prevent their being rounded up by Indian scouts, who, sooner or later, are always sent back on the trail with that object in view.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when the affair was over, and as I had come to the conclusion that these Indians had come up from Mexico to help the hostiles down, I determined to go to Richmond, on the Gila River, where I had ordered Lieutenant Hall and his Indian scouts to meet me, expecting to find the hostiles there. I was moved to do this from the fact that Lieutenant McDonald had followed these Indians north on the trail. Major Davis thought I was wrong, and that the Indians we had been fighting were part of the hostile Apaches; but as we had not at any time caught a glimpse of Locos's women and children, I thought otherwise. After-events proved Major Davis in the right, to the extent that the raiding party was in the fight, but it had been joined here by re-enforcements. We stopped for two hours, taking a much-needed rest, and after the horses were groomed we started for Richmond, and reached the main road, fourteen miles distant, at half past one in the morning, having had to move slowly, as we were carrying some of our wounded on stretchers. Here I fell in with a citizen, who was on his way to Lordsburg, and he told me that the Indians had left the Gila River, after killing many people, and were on their way to Mexico. Furthermore, it was still eighteen miles to the river. I made a dry camp right where we were, as men and horses were very tired. In the morning I was joined by Captain Gordon of the Sixth Cavalry with his troop, and Lieutenant Gatewood of the same regiment with his Indian scouts. First sending a detail with my wounded to Lordsburg, I at once started back on my trail, rested at Horse Shoe Cañon, where the men got coffee and groomed their tired horses. There were only two small springs here, and the men had barely enough water for coffee and to fill their canteens, but in every instance they divided their canteens of water with their suffering horses. We then pushed on to Steins Pass station, reaching there at half past nine o'clock at night. I had sent a courier to Lordsburg with a telegraphic despatch to Separ station for supplies and two tank cars of water, which I found awaiting us on our arrival. Our horses had travelled seventy-eight miles, sixteen at a gallop, in most intensely hot weather, and had been forty hours without water, save about a pint each at Horse Shoe Cañon. We managed to procure several barrels in which to water them, and it was piteous to hear them neigh and see them plunge as they heard the water rush into the barrels from the faucets, and they were held back until their turn came to be watered.

Despite the efforts of two men to restrain each horse, it was not an infrequent thing for them to plunge their heads in the water-barrel quite up to their ears in their eagerness to slake their intolerable thirst. It was half past one in the morning before the last animal had been watered, and then the command turned in for a much-needed rest. At daylight I sent out the scouts to find the trail, as I knew that the retreating Apaches would cross the San Simon Valley for the Chiricahua range on the Mexican frontier, and all the men in camp set to work to shoe up our horses, as many of them needed looking after in that particular. At noon word was sent me that the trail had been found, crossing the railway about six miles west of where we were, on the old Fort Bowie road. At 12.40 the command was in the saddle and on the road to the trail. My scouts informed me that the hostiles had worked along the crest of the Steins Peak range, towards San Simon station, and crossed over the mountains, searching out a new and terribly rough trail down the side of a rugged mountain, only possible to be used by Indians who fully realized that their lives depended upon crossing the range without delay.

After the trail reached the San Simon Valley, instead of crossing the railroad at once, it led east among the foot-hills for eight miles, then crossed the railway and made directly across the valley for the Chiricahua range. It was a well-defined trail, and was easily followed, until 6.30 P.M., when it scattered in every direction, and my scouts not being able to pick it up between the base of the range and where we were, I concluded it would be found leading southwest along the base of the Chiricahua range, and having heard that hostile Indians had been seen near Galeyville, a mining hamlet, the day before, and knowing that the only water to be had was in a stream—Turkey Creek—near that place, I pushed directly for that spot. We reached Turkey Creek at ten o'clock at night, and went into camp, having marched forty miles since noon. Half an hour later Captain Chaffee of the Sixth Cavalry with his troop, and Lieutenant West's company of Indian scouts, came up, also in pursuit of the same body of Indians—his command appertaining to the Military Department of Arizona, while mine was under the authority of the commanding officer of the District of New Mexico. Information having reached me that the hostiles had killed some whites in the Pineries, a spot twelve miles from Galeyville, the preceding day, I sent an officer to Galeyville, about two miles from my camp, to ascertain its truth and get me a couple of guides. At daylight we were off, leaving Captain Chaffee's command in camp, and the guides put us on the trail, the Indians having pushed through the foot-hills of the Chiricahua range, and then out into the San Simon Valley again. We followed it across the valley in a southeasterly direction, stopping to water the command at Cave Creek. Thence we moved to White Water Cañon, where the stream was dry, and rested an hour, and again took up the trail, which led directly over a range of mountains which is really an extension of the Steins Peak range. It was 9.30 P.M. when we reached the crest of the range, and as both the men and horses were pretty well exhausted, I made a dry camp. The day had been a trying one, and the command had been without water since 10 A.M., we having marched forty miles over a very rough country. At daylight we resumed the trail, which led down the mountain and out into the valley for some miles, where it suddenly disappeared. A careful search showed that the Indians had here scattered in every direction, and probably arranged to work back to the foot-hills individually, to throw any pursuing party off their trail. We moved back at once, but failed to find the trail again, even after long and diligent search, and as the men had been over thirty hours without cooked food and without water for over twenty-four, I moved down into the valley, and found a marshy place called Cloverdale Ciénagas, with a small stream of good water flowing out of it, and went into camp. I sent my chief of scouts out to look for the main trail. At five o'clock in the afternoon Lieutenant Hall with his Indian scouts, who had been chasing me up for several days, reached my camp and told me that he had struck the trail ten miles distant, leading towards Guadalupe Pass. I was already aware that Captain Tupper of the Sixth Cavalry, with two troops of his regiment and some Indian scouts, was ahead of me on that trail, as I had met a courier of his the preceding day with an open despatch stating that, in his opinion, the Indians were heading for the pass Guadalupe, and that he, Tupper, would soon be down to the line. On the next day, the 27th inst., we moved down the Animas Valley towards Guadalupe Pass. When near Cloverdale two citizens met us who told us that Captain Tupper passed in pursuit of the Indians the preceding day; that the Indians had moved toward Guadalupe Pass, and then, instead of going through it, had turned back, and moving almost east around the foot-hills of the mountains, had crossed directly over the range about midway between the San Luis and Guadalupe passes. They willingly guided us to the trail, saving us a ten-mile march by cutting directly across the valley to a point that they knew the hostiles had passed, and we pushed on across the Mexican line and over the range on one of the worst trails that I have ever seen or heard of. We reached the base about dark, and near the mouth of the cañon we found Captain Tupper and his command. He had been hot on the trail of the hostiles the preceding day, and reached his present location without the Indians being aware of his approach. His scouts located their camp that night eight miles distant in the valley, near a small ciénaga, or swamp, and before day-

light he cautiously moved out and attacked them, hoping to surprise them, and did succeed in capturing part of their herd and killing some of them; but they managed to fall back and get into a mass of great rocky crags near the swamp, and his force was inadequate successfully to dislodge them. He had fallen back with the captured stock and his wounded men. We were now in Mexico, miles across the line, and I knew it, and, worse than all, I had strict orders in my possession on no account to enter Mexican territory, as at that particular time relations were somewhat strained diplomatically in that direction, a certain agreement, running six months, I think, permitting the troops of either country to follow the raiding Apaches on either side of the line, having expired, and Mexican sentiment was against a renewal of it. After thinking the matter over, I decided to follow the Indians. They had murdered and plundered our citizens, believing we dare not follow them into Mexico, and that once they were there they were safe. Captain Tupper had taught them otherwise, and I had determined from the start to follow them as far as I could, no matter where they went, as our people were entitled to government protection, and an imaginary line ought not to bar the pursuit of raiding savages. Furthermore, we were in a wild country, and might possibly find this band, and with the force I could now control defeat and completely scatter it, and get back to our own side of the line without the knowledge of the Mexican government. Accordingly, at daylight the entire command, including Captain Tupper's forces, moved out and down the valley to the scene of his fight on the previous day. The Indians had left their position in the rocks and started southward. We took up the trail and followed doggedly on. About ten miles from where Captain Tupper's fight took place we found a poor old wounded squaw on the trail. She was very much frightened, expecting to be killed. She told us that Captain Tupper's command had killed six braves the preceding day, and they had lost thirteen killed at Horse Shoe Cañon, besides many wounded in both actions. Giving her some water and bread, we left her on the trail. About ten or eleven o'clock my attention was called to the dust thrown up by the Indians in retreat down the valley many miles away, the air being so clear that objects could easily be seen a great distance, and as there was no wind, a column of dust was visible a long way. Later on in the day I missed it, and wondered whether the Apaches had again taken to the mountains. On this day's march we also found the dead body of a warrior, who had died of his wounds, the wicker stretcher that lay by his side showing that he was of sufficient importance in rank for his companions to try and get him off, notwithstanding they were so sorely pressed by their pursuers. At nightfall we reached a small stream, which we rightly concluded must be the head water of the Janos River. I felt confident that we would overtake the hostiles the next day, and so did all my officers. At daylight the next morning I heard the sound of reveille by Mexican bugles, and my command had not moved out over a mile when Lieutenant Hall, who had the advance, reported a Mexican camp a few miles beyond. After marching about two miles I was met by Colonel Lorenzo Garcia, of the Sixth Mexican Infantry, who with his adjutant came across a small ravine to meet our forces. He most courteously desired to know if I was aware that my command was upon Mexican soil. If so, what authority, if any, I had for crossing the line, as I must know that his government had issued stringent orders against any armed forces being allowed to enter Mexico from the United States. Quite as courteously, but nevertheless decidedly, I told him that my orders looked to the capture or extermination of a band of hostile Indians, part of whom had come from Mexico, and who had murdered citizens of the United States in the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, burned their homes and stolen their cattle, and whom I had pursued red-handed from one side of the border to the present spot. That parts of my command had fought these Indians twice and followed them over two mountain ranges, and we were still in pursuit of them. That the citizens of Arizona and New Mexico were terribly exasperated over these outrages, and righteously so. That these same Indians had for the two preceding years raided the said Territories and committed many murders and other atrocities, and finally taken refuge in Mexico. That my sole object was their pursuit and punishment, and that he might rest assured that no citizens of the republic of Mexico would be molested, harmed, or injured in person or property by my command, but I felt it incumbent upon me to pursue and if possible destroy this band of murderers; the inhabitants of the border expected it of the troops, and we were anxious to fulfil their reasonable expectations. Colonel Garcia replied in substance as follows: "While I am willing to acknowledge the justice of your pursuit of these Indians, nevertheless my government is strong enough to punish these people." I replied that I did not doubt the good faith of the Mexican government, but the only way to get at these Indians was to follow their trail and fight them wherever found, no matter in what place or in what state or territory. Our conversation continued for some time, Colonel Garcia, while very courteous in his manner, still insisting upon my immediate return with my troops to our side of the line, stating that the instructions of his government compelled him to take the ground that he did. Quite as courteously I replied that under existing circumstances I purposed to follow these savages to their lair if necessary and fight them wherever found. He then said: "If your sole object is the punishment of this band of marauders, it is already accomplished. My command fought, routed, and scattered them yesterday." I then said that, such being the fact, my march southward was over, and I and my command would return immediately to the United States, but, with his permission, I would like to go over the battle-field. He very willingly consented, and we rode over it together. He had been advised of the Indians having gone on a raid to San Carlos, and was scouting the frontier, hoping to catch them on their way back. The preceding day he had seen a cloud of dust made by some parties rapidly hurrying down the valley, and at once concluded that it was the Indians on their return. Posting his troops along the trail, he attacked them suddenly and with great vigor; but the Apaches fought desperately for their lives, seeking cover and defending themselves to the last extremity. His command numbered less than two hundred and fifty, but they were well handled and behaved splendidly. In this action they had two officers and nineteen men killed, and three officers and thirteen men wounded. Quite a number of the younger warriors escaped during the fight, in which a number of women and children were also killed; but this could not have been avoided, as they took cover with the warriors. There were seventy-eight dead Indians on the field and thirty three women and children captives, among them the daughter of Chief Loco, of San Carlos Agency. She said that her father and his people were compelled to leave the agency by the Chiricahua Apaches, who came up from Mexico under command of Chiefs Chatto and Natchez, and she corroborated the statement of the old squaw regarding their losses at Horse Shoe Cañon and in Captain Tupper's fight. As the end I had in view was accomplished, I at once gave instructions directing the three troops of the Sixth Cavalry to return to their posts in Arizona by the route the command had entered Mexican territory, while I was to move with my own six troops to New Mexico by the shortest practicable route. Finding that the Mexican troops were without surgeons and medical supplies, I tendered the services of our surgeons, which Colonel Garcia was evidently pleased to accept, and the wounded were at once attended to and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. I also presented his command, in the name of my government, with some extra rations that I could now spare, especially as his own troops were on half-rations and he had nothing with which to feed his captives.

I desire here to put upon record my warm personal admiration for the splendid work done by the Mexican troops and the good discipline of the command. Colonel Garcia informed me that so imperative were the orders of his government that he would have been compelled to oppose my further progress by force, though, as he admitted, with no reasonable hope of success against my larger command. Fortunately his brilliant fight of the previous day rendered such an advance unnecessary. He gave me a written protest against my presence on Mexican soil, and I submitted a formal reply in writing, stating the reasons I have already given for my being there. The officers and troops of both republics parted with cordial good will, for this nearly annihilated band of Apaches had given the troops on both sides of the border many a hard day's work. My command encamped twenty-four miles north of the Janos River that night, and the next day we passed around the town of Janos, where all the church bells were ringing in honor of Colonel Garcia's victory, leaving it two miles on our right, my reason for this being that I did not wish any of the troops to come into contact with Mexican citizens, fearing possibly some trouble. While passing Janos the commanding officer, Colonel Nieto, sent me by courier a written protest against the presence of our troops on Mexican soil, which I duly acknowledged, and proceeded on my way. That night the command encamped three miles below the town of Ascension, on the Coralitos River, having marched thirty-five miles; the next night we were at Mosquito Springs, forty-two miles from our previous camp, and the following day we recrossed the line into our own territory. So far as I know, only one man of my command had anything to do with the Mexicans, and he deserted while we were encamped near Ascension. This article is, as a matter of fact, the first public report of my movements across the Mexican line, my district commander, the late General Mackenzie, returning my official report to me, saying in substance that, owing to the peculiar state of feeling existing just at that time in Mexico, it was not unlikely I might find myself in trouble for my action. However, if the Mexicans did not make a direct complaint to the State Department, he should not take action, as the result justified the end; but the less said about it the better.

The Peace Treaty

BEFORE these lines reach the eye of the reader the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain will probably have been submitted to the United States Senate. Although it was signed at Paris as long ago as December 10, the authorities have succeeded, up to the present writing, in keeping its text secret. Enough information leaked out, however, while the negotiations were pending, to make it certain that Spain had ceded to the United States the entire Philippine archipelago, in consideration of the payment of $20,000,000 in gold; and friends of the President who have discussed the subject with him are convinced that whatever provision the treaty contains concerning the future government of this group of islands has in view their annexation to the United States as colonies. The protocol signed at Washington on August 12 provided for the cession of Puerto Rico and Spain's relinquishment of all claim of sovereignty over, and title to, Cuba; so that "the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines" was the only important subject left open for consideration at Paris. The uppermost question in everybody's mind to-day is whether a treaty involving such a change in the immemorial policy of our republic can become a part of the law of the land.

The Senate has the power either to reject the treaty, to amend it, or to ratify it. The treaty is understood to contain a clause limiting to six months the period within which ratifications must be exchanged; so that, unless it be disposed of here before the 4th of March, an extra session of the Senate must be called. The President feels confident of its ratification without amendment, and at the present session of the Senate. He founds his faith on what he regards as the trend of public sentiment. To understand what this means it is necessary only to go back and see how the expansion idea has developed, partly through accident and partly through design, till, as he believes, it has lost its terrors for a large element in the community who would have denounced it as revolutionary and abominable if presented to them as an independent proposition a year ago.

When the victory of Admiral Dewey's fleet in Manila Bay was announced last May, it was welcomed solely because it meant the extinction of the only force which menaced the safety of American commerce and travel on the Pacific. Then a notion gradually took shape that, since we had stripped Spain of a part of her defensive strength against the Philippine insurgents, we had made ourselves in a measure responsible for the consequences, and could not afford, for humanity's sake, to let go any of the advantage which we had gained; hence, since our tenure at Manila seemed to depend upon the capture of the city, we set about that task. Next came the discovery that the insurgents were liable to turn their arms against us unless we made our supremacy plain, and this involved the idea of holding the entire island of Luzon. At this point our government was assured by experts that Luzon would be a source of embarrassment to us unless we controlled also the rest of the archipelago; so our Peace Commissioners were instructed to demand the cession of the whole Philippine group. Spain, at the start unwilling to consider the proposal, presently threw out hints as to selling, first for $100,000,000, and later for $40,000,000. The suggestion of purchase diverted American thought for a while from the general topic of acquisition to the special question of the price to be paid. Even that part of the press which was broadly favorable to the absorption of the Philippines revolted at the idea of paying $100,000,000 for them; and $40,000,000, though better, seemed still too high. Thus, by the time the news spread abroad that we should offer $20,000,000, the popular mind was prepared to accept this as a compromise figure, and the American love of a "bargain" gave the whole scheme a certain favorable impulse. Not a few members of both houses of Congress, who quitted Washington last July firmly committed against a policy of national expansion, have come back this winter evidently in a lukewarm state of mind. Their own judgment may have undergone no positive change, but their vigor of will has been reduced. They have reached the conclusion that nothing can prevent the consummation of the administration's plan, and hence that they will have done their full duty when they have uttered their protests and recorded their votes, without resorting to any obstructive tactics.

Moreover, the President is enough of a politician to accept as an index of popular sentiment the platforms on which the two great parties went into the late campaign in all the States which could fairly be called doubtful. In New England the Republicans, as a rule, made guarded reference to the Philippine question, generally expressing confidence in the wisdom of the administration and willingness to abide by its decision as to the disposal of the ceded territory; the Democrats were divided in sentiment; the Republicans swept New England. In the Middle States the Republicans of New York and Delaware came out plainly in favor of the retention of the Philippines, while those of Pennsylvania and New Jersey expressed their confidence in much the same terms as their brethren of New England; the Democrats virtually ignored the expansion issue; the Republicans carried all four States. In the Middle West there appear to have been some local dissensions among the Republicans on the Philippine question, but not enough to prevent a substantial victory for the party; the Democrats meanwhile had adopted generally evasive platforms, Iowa's being the most pronounced against expansion. In the Mississippi Valley and the far West the sentiment of the Republican conventions was uniformly either outright for expansion or in favor of leaving the whole question to be settled by the wisdom of the administration; on the other hand, the Democratic conventions were greatly divided, at least two of them going so far as to declare against the return of any conquered territory to Spain.

Almost all these platforms were framed at a later date than the protocol which contained the first assurance of the annexation of Puerto Rico, and against which there was no widespread protest. All of them came after the last doubt had been dispelled as to the annexation of Hawaii. The ice, therefore, had already been broken, the first dreaded plunge had been made. The Philippine archipelago did not seem so remote, or the idea of adding a fresh alien element to our population so repugnant, as a few months before.

It must be admitted, in justice to the President's optimism, that a treaty of peace has naturally a tremendous momentum. It can carry with it many things which no other treaty could. No such treaty has ever failed of final ratification by the United States Senate. It is a part of the history of our country that even the unthinking agitators who are most eager to rush into war for glory's sake are, as a rule, quite as eager to withdraw from it after a fair taste of its horrors. The American people did not crave the war with Spain, but they allowed their politicians to force them into it before they fully realized what it meant; now they are heartily sick of it, and seem ready to welcome anything which promises to restore peace. A striking sign of the times is the recent interview in which William J. Bryan, an avowed candidate for the Presidency on the issue of anti-imperialism, concedes the ratification of the treaty of Paris, and proposes to limit the Democratic fight to the question, What shall be done with the new territory after its cession is complete? His reason for this is one which, in the present state of the popular temper, encourages the President's hope that the treaty will not even be subjected to amendment—namely, that any change proposed by the Senate will involve the renewal of negotiations and an indefinite delay. Strange as the fellowship now appears, it is to Bryan's attitude that the expansionists expect presently to bring even Senator Hoar. An eminent Southern Senator, who has been as outspoken a conservative as Mr. Hoar, and who has all the adhesive force of party politics to hold him fast in his position, said to the writer the other day, with significant emphasis: "I shall make my best fight against this dangerous innovation. But it is coming; and not you, nor I, nor any one can stop it."

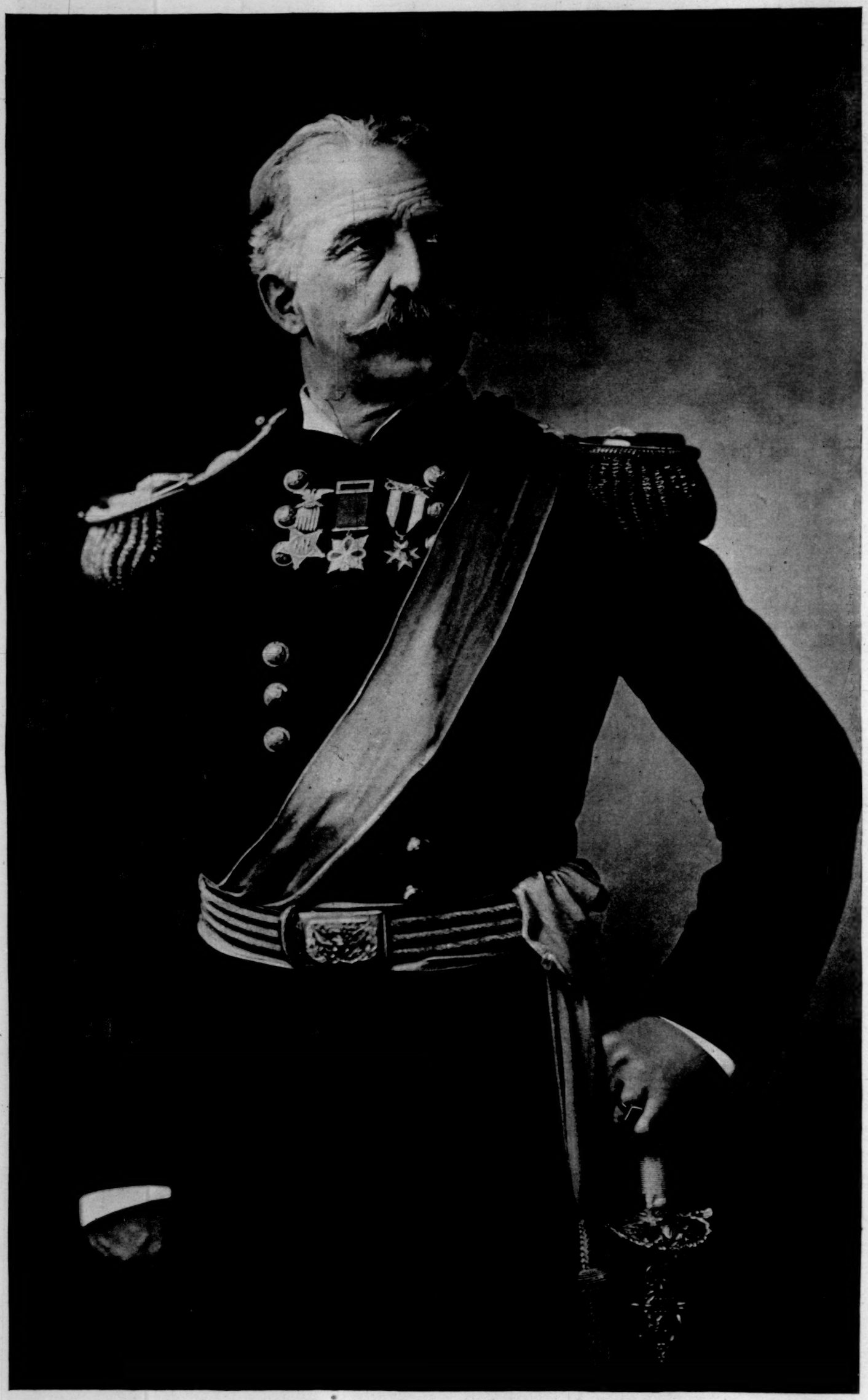
That is the hopeless tone of most of the anti-expansionists in both Houses of Congress. What with the popular clamor for peace; the belief of so many evangelists that Providence has given us the Philippines as a stimulus to our missionary zeal; the lobby which will promptly be called into being with the opening of a new speculative vista, and last, but not least, the vast resources of patronage which the acquisition of the Philippines would place at the disposal of the administration, they are disposed to face the inevitable like the fatalists of the East, and meet every question concerning the future of the country with a calm "God knows!"

Yet there are a select few who still hold out on the theory of the present Speaker of the House, that "the way to beat a bad measure is to fight it." These few will keep on till the end, and will refuse to recognize the end as come till it is history.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

WASHINGTON, *January 3.*

AN APACHE RAID—THE RIDE TO THE RESCUE.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 43.]



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Specimen page from "HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN."

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AN UNSURPASSED OPPORTUNITY FOR CANVASSERS

New Japanese Minister

MR. J. KOMURA, the successor of Mr. T. Hoshi as Japanese minister to the United States, has a creditable official record behind him. He was born in Hinga in 1853, and was sent to Tokyo in his youth to study in Kaisai Gakko—the present Imperial University. Afterwards he was sent to the United States as a governmental student at Harvard University. There he studied law. In 1875 he was graduated.

He was the Japanese chargé d'affaires in Peking in 1894, and ably conducted the negotiations with the Tsung-li-Yamen previous to the outbreak of the Chino-Japanese war. After the conclusion of peace he represented the Japanese government in Seoul as minister plenipotentiary. The King of Korea, imagining that his person was in danger, had been induced to take refuge in the Russian Legation. This situation was incompatible with the independence of the Peninsular Kingdom. Mr. Komura then opened negotiations with the Russian representative, Mr. Waeber, and signed an agreement with him in May, 1896, to the effect that the Korean sovereign should be advised to return to his palace. The concession for a railway between Fusan and Seoul, which has been lately granted by the Korean government, was also first proposed by him. Later he was promoted to the vice-ministry of foreign affairs, where he maintained his reputation under the successive ministries of Marquis Saonji, Count Okuma, Baron Nishi, and Count Okuma again, and worked hard for treaty revision. He will certainly be an excellent exponent of the increasing importance of friendly relations between the United States and Japan.

Matias Romero

DURING more than twenty-five years Señor Romero was Mexico's official representative in the United States. At the age of twenty-two he came to Washington, as first secretary of the Mexican Legation, near the close of 1859. In the summer of the following year Minister Mata left the capital, and young Romero became chargé d'affaires. Three years later he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, in which office his ability and the wise moderation of his sentiments proved to be of great value both to his own government and to that to which he was accredited. Returning to Mexico in 1868, he devoted much time to travel and study, investigating the conditions in various portions of his country with a zest similar to that which his friend, the great Mexican President, has always displayed. Twice he was made Secretary of the Treasury; for a few months he served as Postmaster-General; and about three years were spent in agricultural pursuits in the District of Soconusco, near the Guatemala boundary. In all, fourteen years elapsed before his return to Washington, in March, 1882.

The knowledge he had gained in office at home, through travel, and through study was employed with uncommon tact. From 1882 until the time of his death he resided almost continuously in this country, the only considerable interruption in his activity as minister falling, I think, in 1892, when for the third time he discharged the duties of Secretary of the Treasury in Mexico. The fact became universally recognized that no other person was so well informed in regard to the two republics and their relations to one another, for, while a moiety of his life had been passed in the study of each, his entire life had been dedicated to the effort to promote the interests of both. He stood between the two nations, as it were, like an interpreter as well as a counsellor, a position of especial importance during the years of the civil war and the period of the French intervention in Mexico. Only last year he wrote, when reviewing his experiences, "It has been my special desire to do whatever might lie in my power to lessen the risk of misunderstandings, and to further the knowledge of each country by the other, and thus to develop friendly, political, commercial, and social relations between the two nations, and establish the basis of lasting peace between them." His friends and fellow-laborers in this field were the most eminent Americans from the times of Buchanan, Lincoln, and Johnson down to the present day. He always attached peculiar importance to the friendship of Secretary Seward and General Grant, and has stated that his letters from Grant would fill a volume.

From our North-American point of view, what has now been said may seem to epitomize Señor Romero's life work; but it would not escape the observation of a Latin-American that the most significant part of it all has not yet been touched upon. The Mexican minister shared the Mexican President's views in regard to the leadership of his country among the republics of the southern half of this hemisphere, and co-operated in a policy which has made this leadership an important fact. In his last book, entitled *Mexico and the United States*, Romero wrote, "I thought I would render a service both to Mexico and to the Latin-American countries at large, as well as to the United States, if I did what I could to dispel errors and obtain a more satisfactory understanding between the two races inhabiting the American continent."

MARRION WILCOX.

Army Reorganization

BY MAJOR-GENERAL H. S. HAWKINS, UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, BRIGADIER-GENERAL, RETIRED.

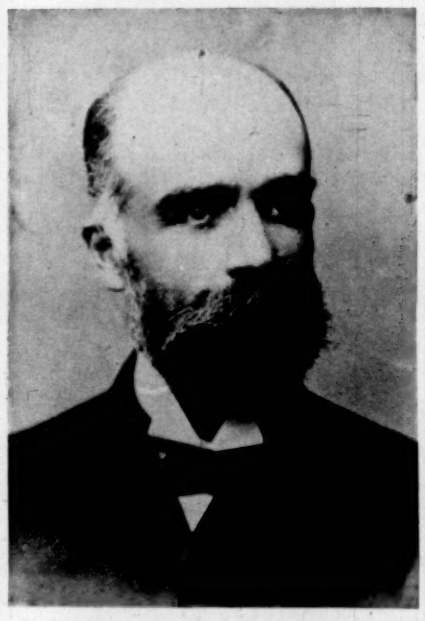
THAT our little army showed itself so efficient recently is matter for joy and gratitude, an attest of its loyalty, an outcome of its discipline, a proof that the enlisted man has not been idle during peace, a demonstration that the line-officer knows how to make the best use of means at hand and is quick to see and prompt to act.

There was somewhat of the pathetic in the constancy of effort, during the many years of peace, to make the small company capable beyond its numbers, to keep interest awake, to discover what could be done with five sets of four when the drill regulations called for a minimum of eight. When on the eve of actual war there was an authorized influx of raw recruits these could not suddenly increase efficiency, but neither did they diminish it, and this was an added proof of how good and honest had been the work for years, done under every kind of discouragement.

All honor to the graybeard captains and lieutenants of the line! What wonder that our thinking nation uncovers in the presence of the enlisted man!

The delirium of joy over the double triumphs on land and sea is beginning to calm down, and our statesmen are debating as to what shall be the organization of a proposed standing army suited to new demands. Looking to this, the first question naturally arising is whether recent experience has given any tactical warning which might suggest something new in organization. Accordingly, we may expect to see attempts at discovering vital tactical lessons in the late Cuban campaign, efforts toward generalizing and formulating showily resting upon pretended experience, and essayists will imagine that they are successfully imitating the mass of military literature which flooded the world after Sedan. But the men who fought the Spaniard last summer will question whether that would not be a little premature, and they will deem it not likely to increase respect for theory, which is always ready to adapt itself to appearances.

It may safely be asserted that, pitted against an equal and an enterprising foe in a country better suited to manœuvre, and thus calling on the resources of training and battle formations, the deficiencies asserted by some and suspected by all would have been apparent. We have experienced what it is to confront fire which is comparatively smokeless, and there has been general surprise that its effect was not more startling. Are we yet able positively to assert in what manner this experience is to affect battle formations? We have seen infantry and dismounted cavalry compelled by circumstances and the accidents of the ground temporarily to drop consideration of almost every rule in the drill regulations. We would show lack of judgment did we conclude therefrom that all of the drill is wrong. This same infantry, and cavalry acting as infantry, successfully stormed an intrenched position defended by modern magazine-rifles. It is not safe to argue therefrom that direct frontal attack would be possible against a vigilant and aggressive foe ready to spring from its intrenchments for a rush upon its panting, breathless assailant. We may assume that the only thing we have learned from the Spaniard is how not to conduct the defence. So we turn from attempting to extract valuable tactical lessons, deeming it wise perhaps to let artillerists discuss in closed session so much of the matter as pertains to themselves, while we proceed further to consider the contemplated reorganization of the army, which is now the subject of much thought throughout the country.



DON MATIAS ROMERO,
Late Mexican Ambassador to the United States.
Born February 24, 1837. Died December 30, 1898.

The question as to what should be the aggregate strength or total of officers and enlisted men of the regular establishment is connected with the other and equally important question as to organization in the several arms and departments of the service. The former question, however, can be considered by itself, as it is more dependent upon policy and varying necessity, while the latter is a determining factor as to efficiency in the several fractions and units. In considering this last question we naturally turn to recent experience, and are surprised to find that the late campaign has given us no new lesson by which we may profit as to *line* organization. (Be it understood that the question of how suddenly to raise armies is not under discussion.) No new light is thrown upon the oft-debated question about the three-battalion organization for the infantry regiment. So, too, with regard to cavalry, recent experience suggests nothing new as to organization, though it does confirm the American idea as to its practical employment by again demonstrating to the world that it can be used on foot as efficiently as is the infantry. This, however, pertains to tactical use, and we are not considering that. The old arguments for and against regimental organization for artillery find the debaters still occupying the *status quo ante bellum*, and the aggressors still maintaining that whereas a cavalry regiment may act as infantry, the artillery regiment can never do so, for the reason that a regiment of artillery should never be assembled.

The questions as to numerical strength to be maintained in the infantry company, in the cavalry troop, and in the battery of artillery are not new, and all officers are agreed that even in times of peace the number of men in each must be such as to insure proper tactical instruction. The experience of every line-officer shows that unavoidable details for guard duty, for the mess, for detached service, for sanitary police, for quartermaster and commissary work, for extra duty, for fatigue and for clerical work, all added to the average percentage of sick, entail the absence from drill of nearly one-third of the total enlisted strength at military posts during peace. So the other two-thirds should be at least equal to the minimum contemplated in drill regulations for tactical instruction daily. This minimum is as follows: For the company of infantry, 71 enlisted; for the troop of cavalry, 57; for the light battery of artillery, 88. The organization of these components, therefore, requires the following as a minimum: For the company of infantry, 107 enlisted; for the troop of cavalry, 86; for the light battery of artillery, 132. Allowing twelve companies for the infantry regiment, twelve troops for the cavalry, and twelve batteries for the artillery, with the authorized non-commissioned staff, it is easy to estimate what is the minimum enlisted strength of a regiment contemplated in our drill.

The number of regiments needed for the proper reorganization of our permanent establishment is matter for debate, and is not to be considered here, it being intended to show merely the strength needed in the proper instruction of the units of organization. If legislation will provide more than this minimum, the service will be better done. It will be terribly handicapped again if compelled to accept less than this minimum. To emphasize this matter, we say again, make the number of regiments whatever your judgment dictates, but make the regiment a complete machine. To attain this end it is essential to furnish such numbers of soldiers as will suffice to meet the unavoidable details to other than duty in the ranks—or to furnish civilian labor, which, if space permitted, it would be possible to show is cheaper in the long-run.

Our statesmen will determine what shall be the strength of the whole army. We ask to be consulted upon what shall be the strength of the regiment.

We would also ask that we be allowed to keep up the proper discipline of the regiment, and to prevent its being interfered with from outside. We guarantee through justice and discipline to produce a body of men who will render faithful service. Misbehavior cannot safely be left unpunished. The officer who offends must meet his punishment, whatever may be his social position and influence. The enlisted man who transgresses ought not to be able to find refuge behind a Representative of his district or a Senator from his State.

By way of parenthesis we would add that commissioned rank should not be conferred upon a position when a commission would prevent the substitution of a good man for one of no capacity. By all means make a band-master a non-commissioned officer if you want to, for if he is not satisfactory he can be reduced or discharged. But don't make him a lieutenant. Ignorance or lack of industry as a musician would simply deprive us of a band, for we could not take away the commission of such an incubus. The proposition to provide dentists for the enlisted men is good, but civilians can be employed, and replaced if not competent, and it is not desirable to make them lieutenants. We might next see chiropodists in shoulder-straps.

Turning now to the more difficult subject of organization in the staff departments, it is contended by many that the late war is full of suggestion for change in the hope of attaining proficiency. He will be a clever man who shows himself capable of advancing beyond theory. The trouble is that the working of a system is to be ascertained only when it is subjected to trial. Yet some system is necessary, if merely to show that it is wrong. It is asserted that so far boards and other bureaus of information have found fault—but no system. This is to be regretted, for could some one find out what the system is, he might discover remedies for defects.

Will any one in the Medical Department or the Quartermaster or Subsistence department assert that to-day it is ready to meet the practical problems which may arise in large affairs any better than they were met last summer? If so, every one will be glad to hear his reasons leading to the assertion, for they will show the corresponding causes of alleged failure in the recent war, and the means of removing them.

If there could be found some one of acknowledged authority before whose expert judgment all would be willing to bow, we might rest comfortably in anticipation that we will be ready when war is again sprung upon us suddenly. In the absence of such authority it is natural to turn to the opinion of the majority, and therein we find a strong belief that, despite evidence to the contrary, there is unfortunately a system, and that it violates the plainest dictates of commonsense. That hydra-headed monster the majority is a dreadful creature, with a fondness for facts, and a propensity for remembering them. It recalls that in conversation, in letters, and in essays the argument has always been persistent for increase in the personnel and rank for the corps of general adjutants and general inspectors, on the ground that in time of peace such staff-officers should be trained thoroughly by long service, so that in time of war they would be entirely familiar with their duties. Here was reason hand in hand with method, and together they managed to secure legislation providing for increase of personnel and rank. But war came, and then madness stepped in, unseated reason, and sent these experts, with higher rank conferred temporarily, to do unaccustomed work in command of troops, and novices were detailed to assume the duties of general adjutants, while the functions of general inspectors were suspended just when most needed. That dreadful majority also persists in maintaining that the working of the quartermaster and subsistence forces was like that of a balky team, each horse willing enough, struggling frantically, but no two pulling together.

For Heaven's sake, some one suggest a remedy! Well, we turn again to the majority, in the absence of the individual, and we find it is thought that the commanding general of the army should be *de facto* general-in-chief, responsible to the President alone for military control of the army, and subordinate to the Secretary of War only in control of the purse-strings.

We hear many vague suggestions as to the formation and function of a general staff, and some day perhaps experience may evolve its defined duties. Meanwhile why not try that which has never been tried, and require the head of each department to take his orders from the general-in-chief, and be a part of his staff? The adjutant-general would be his chief of staff, the inspector-general his chief inspector, the quartermaster-general his chief quartermaster, the commissary-general his chief commissary, the surgeon-general his medical director, and he would also have his chief of engineers, his chief of ordnance, and chief signal-officer. As the business devolved upon his office would become greatly increased, we find therein a practical suggestion as to defining the duties of a general staff.

The general-in-chief selected by the President would presumably be a trained soldier, knowing the necessities of the service, and enforcing harmony throughout all its branches. His station under all circumstances would be at the seat of government, and his renown for field prowess would have to rest upon prior accomplishment. The public soon forgets history, and hurrahs only for the hero of the hour. This agreeable titillation is not for the general-in-chief. He must take all the blame, and rely upon his own conscience, while laurel of a more recent growth is placed upon the brow of a subordinate.

Outside of the attempt to reconcile conflicting personal interests the task should be easy enough to reorganize the line of the army with such proportions of infantry, cavalry, and artillery as will meet present necessities. The greater task will be to bring about simplicity, practical working order, and prompt business methods in the staff of the army.

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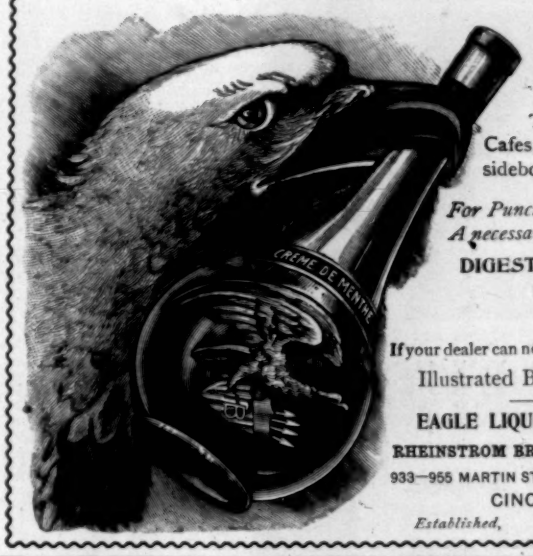

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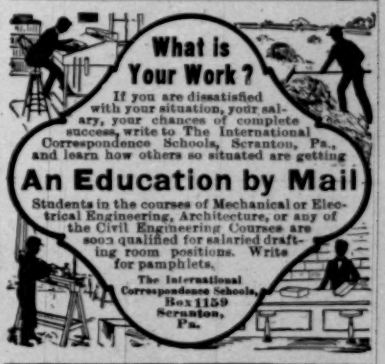
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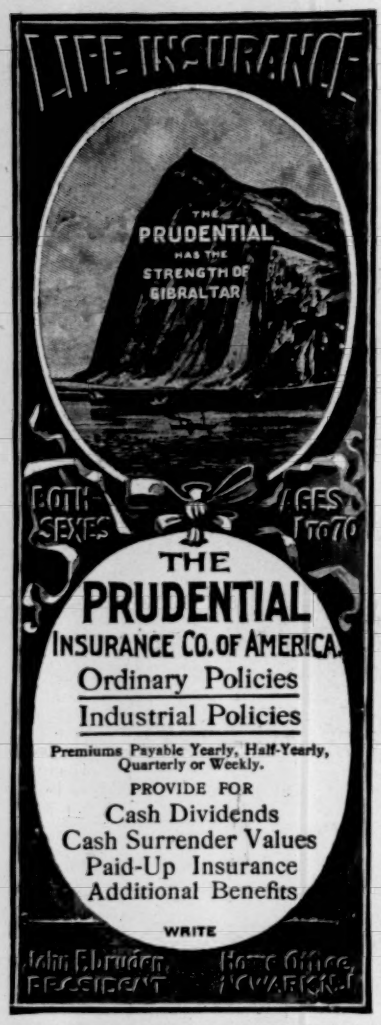

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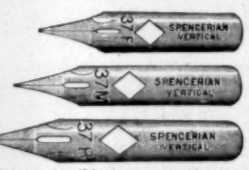

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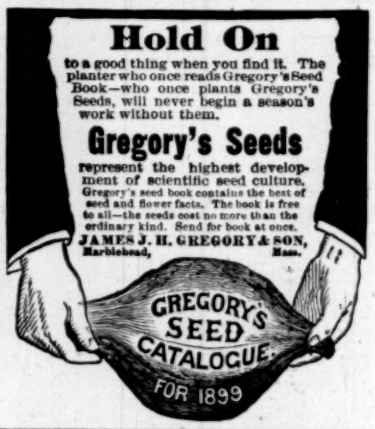

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AMATEUR SPORT

AMAZING misconception of the spirit and the letter of the amateur law in sport has been publicly revealed in Chicago since my recent review of the Middle-Western football season. And I record the discovery to express astonishment rather than merely to criticise. I would not for a great deal be thought as sounding Western athletic morals with an unsympathetic plummet; I would not be thought unmindful of the difficulties Western faculties encounter because of (1) confusion and inharmony on ethical questions among their own members; (2) through indifference of the average undergraduate mind to all questions not making directly for the winning of their team; (3) because of prejudiced and sensation-seeking newspaper reporters who have no intelligent idea of the ethics of sport.

But I wish also to be known to my Western readers—to all my readers—as first and foremost and above all else a friend of amateur sport; a friend who shrinks from committing an injustice, but who, as occasion requires, addresses himself to the welfare of sport diligently, honestly, fearlessly, to the best of his ability and to the full of his power.

The spirit of the amateur law is the life of the letter of that law. If the spirit flags, circumvention of the letter is morally certain. Probably an athletic law was never promulgated that could not be outwitted in the absence of the guardian spirit. I care nothing for a man's ignorance if his spirit is wholesome. But—I hear some of my disputative friends saying—if there is ignorance of ethical definitions, how can there be assurance of a wholesome spirit? And I answer, by the same rudimentary principle that prompts an honest man, even though he be unlearned in criminal law, to keep his hands off his neighbor's chattels.

AMATEUR sport is burdened with innumerable definitions, and the end of rule-making is not yet. A half-dozen broad principles applied fairly and lived up to honestly would answer the purpose. But that is Utopia, I suppose, and beyond human reach.

The point is, however, that the value of an athletic law, the beneficial influence it exerts in any given institution, depends very largely upon the spirit with which it is enforced. More than that, there is a spirit in every law of college sport which the letter cannot always develop, and yet which breathes the real intent of the letter and the doctrine of sport for sport's sake.

What but the spirit of the law have we to depend on for arousing in the undergraduate mind the sentiment of sport for its own sake? If faculty committees misconceive and misinterpret this spirit, we cannot be surprised if those less responsible show tendencies to evade the letter. And how shall we judge of the manner in which that spirit is conceived and interpreted except through the personnel of athletic teams? Where shall we find more tangible expression of the faculty's view of sport than in the character of the football or baseball team? The athletic rules of a university convey to me the least conviction of its real attitude. But show me the football team, and I will quickly discover the spirit of sport that obtains at that institution. The stringency of the letter of the law is of no significance; it is the spirit with which it is enforced that indicates the true tone of the athletic government, and that stands revealed, ninety-nine out of every one hundred times, in the personnel of the teams. The exception comes, it is true, but it is seen rarely; at all other times the spirit of sport as conceived by the faculty is faithfully reflected in the character of the teams. That is a fact which no amount of argument can change.

THAT there is misconception, in the Middle West, of the spirit of amateur sport is not of itself surprising. Indeed, when we compare the situation of three years ago with that of to-day, and note the ethical evolution that has so completely cleared the athletic atmosphere, our surprise is that so much has been accomplished. To point out from time to time the mistakes or the weaknesses is not to be wanting in appreciation of all that has been done or that is doing. Continuously aggressive vigilance is the price of purity in college sport.

It is also to be expected that, until longer and more intimate acquaintance with the ideals of amateur sport gives clearer understanding of its ethics, Western interpretations will occasionally run counter to accepted formulas.

Perhaps the best illustration at hand of how serious and wide a departure may follow upon misapprehending the ethics of college sport is found in Wisconsin's retention of Holmes on the football eleven last autumn. And with what sophistry such misconception may be defended the following letter from President Adams of Wisconsin to President Harper of Chicago will attest:

> As our Athletic Council took action last evening, approving the eligibility of Mr. Harvey R. Holmes to play in the coming Chicago football game, I hasten to inform you of the fact, and also to lay before you the nature of the evidence on which such action was taken.
>
> When the affidavits which you sent us on Saturday last were received we found that, as far as they went, they confirmed information that our Council already had in hand. It was made evident by this information that Mr. Holmes had contested against professional athletes, and that money had been at stake on the results of such contests. So much Mr. Holmes had freely admitted to our Council some two weeks before your affidavits were received. Perhaps I ought rather to say that Mr. Holmes had voluntarily furnished this information, and furnished it in detail. This information thus furnished, for the most part in the first instance by Mr. Holmes himself, was confirmed afterwards by numerous affidavits, including the five sent by yourself. A *prima facie* case against him was thus apparently established, although neither in the affidavits received from you, nor in any we were able to procure, was there any statement that Mr. Holmes contested for the money himself, or received any money as the result of any of the contests.
>
> Coupled with this view of the case, however, there came the further information that it had been explicitly understood from the first, by those participating in the several contests, that Mr. Holmes was to have his expenses defrayed, but that he furnished no money himself, and was in no case to receive any money other than for expenses, or gain of any kind. The testimony is explicit that Mr. Holmes declared at the time that he was not contesting for money, but for the knowledge and experience which contests with professionals would give him. The evidence also shows that he stated at the time that he could not receive more than enough for his actual expenses without forfeiting his amateur standing, which he was unwilling to do. The evidence further shows to whom the money involved was paid, and that even when Holmes was victorious the money was paid to the persons who had joined with the professionals in making up the purse, and in no case to Holmes himself.
>
> The evidence regarding Mr. Holmes's financial relations with these athletic events is for the most part in the form of affidavits from persons of such responsibility and standing as, in the opinion of the Council, to entitle them to credence. There are seven affidavits which bear specifically on the disposition of the money involved, and these affidavits are corroborated by three certificates bearing date of November 5, the writers of which, after making their declarations, say they will furnish affidavits if such are desired. The date of these certificates was so late that it was impracticable to secure affidavits in their stead.
>
> I will only add that the evidence was carefully considered by the full Council of eleven members, and that in the judgment of the Council Mr. Holmes is entitled to play under the inter-collegiate rules, and is therefore approved.

THIS is a specious argument, likewise a striking example of how perplexingly the spirit and the letter of the law may be confused. That the Wisconsin Council could have honestly persuaded itself into the belief set forth in this letter is one of those surprising exhibitions to which I have already alluded as coming now and again out of the West.

Of course Holmes should have been disqualified. He stood adjudged by his own confession. To have seriously considered his case in Council meeting reads like travesty. By the rule of no amateur organization with which I am familiar would he be eligible. The letter of the amateur athletic law distinctly states that a man may not compete with a professional, or in a race for which a money prize is at issue; the spirit of the amateur and more especially of the college law says an athlete must keep clear of suspicion. It makes no difference how many "affidavits" and "sworn statements" Holmes may muster to prove he accepted no part of the purse for which he competed; his irresistible desire to obtain "experience" may commend itself to the Council of his university, but it should have no mitigant influence whatever on his sentence. A man's motives cannot be taken into consideration. The letter of the amateur law judges him by his acts, and the spirit takes note of his associates.

Experience has shown no surer method of classifying an athlete than by the company in which he is found. Now and again, as no doubt was the case with Holmes, a man unknowingly strays into strange company, but account of these exceptions cannot be taken. He must suffer the penalty. Ignorance in these days of athleticism is no longer a tenable plea.

THE spirit of the amateur law, which at Wisconsin was distorted by the retention of Holmes, was in a less degree misdirected at Chicago University by the playing of Burnett, Cavanaugh, and Herschberger. For this reason, I have said, and now reiterate, that Chicago's ethics in '98 showed retrogression. But it affords me unspeakable gratification to add, now, that investigation has brought confidence in the honesty and earnestness of the endeavors of both the Wisconsin and Chicago faculty athletic committees to reach the highest ideals of college sport. They are striving, as the light and power is given them, to do their very best to that end.

The Faculty Conference struggles to meet problems with which individually its members lack intimate acquaintance—and that, by-the-way, suggests the appointment of men better informed. Furthermore, Chicago's experience this year should be convincing proof of the absolute need to the Middle West of a residence rule for all students coming from other institutions and not entering the regular or academic course. Had there been such a rule, Rogers and Burnett would not have played.

Then, too, a revision of the scholarship rule appears to be needful, that men may not become notoriously known class-room absentees, or be tutored into eligibility the day before an important game. Had this not been possible, Cavanaugh and Burnett could not have played. Had Chicago's Board listened to Stagg's protest, Burnett would have been dropped early in the season. Mr. Stagg's course in this matter, recently revealed, restores the confidence which had been somewhat shaken by a first glance at the personnel of Chicago's football team.

I believe the year's lessons will not be lost on either Chicago or Wisconsin, or on any of the other Middle-Western colleges. I advise particularly more careful scrutiny of the personnel of teams, and certain conviction that none of the members has played baseball on those quasi-professional touring summer nines, or coached any kind of team for money, or competed with professionals for "experience."

SO Chicago's position in the trying happenings of the autumn season may be the better understood—since wide publicity has been given her misfortunes—perhaps it will serve the cause of sport best, and serve also to instruct and to warn other colleges against this kind of athlete, to take up the cases at Chicago severally, and somewhat in detail.

First of all, it should be borne in mind that Chicago, Michigan, and Wisconsin really dominate college sport in the Middle West. In these institutions, above all others, must there be clean sport; and Chicago, of them all, must be above reproach, since she has championed the cause of wholesome athletics. Last year she led the extreme reform movement, and in 1898 the eligibility of five of her football men was challenged.

Immediately after the Pennsylvania-Chicago game Wisconsin protested Clarke, on the ground that he had coached the eleven of Tarkio College in '95. Clarke admitted the truth of the charge, and was withdrawn. Careful inquiry fails to reveal any question of his eligibility having ever before been suggested to the Chicago authorities.

Burnett, one of the guards, left the university as soon as the last game of the season had been played—a sorry and suspicious circumstance of itself. Time and again, I find, he had assured the Board of his intention of being three or four years at the university. The character of his class-room work had been questioned, and Stagg had decided to withdraw him from the Wisconsin game.

White. Baker. McLean. Brown. Weeks. Caley. France. Cunningham. Capt. Bennett. Allen. Street. Dye. Baldwin. Avery. Hicks. Snow. Teetzel. Tanschon.

McDonald. Whitcomb. Talcott.
Vernon. Richardson. Hannan. "Kid." Mohr. Widman. Steckle. Barabe.

FOOTBALL SQUAD OF MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

The day before that game written statements were submitted by his instructors, attesting the satisfactory nature of his work. But his instructors were deceived—his work being entirely in the laboratories—and he had lied to Stagg. He has been expelled from the university.

BURNETT is the type of roaming athlete one frequently encounters, I am sorry to say, though his kind is rapidly diminishing. Perhaps he is vicious; perhaps not. Sometimes he plays for real love of the game; sometimes for what he can get out of it. His circumstances may be affluent; they may be needy. It makes little difference. I have known him in all stations and seen him in all sections of the country. Burnett is married, and it was fair to assume his college life at an end—though certainly marriage is not incompatible with *bona fide* undergraduate existence. Last year he was in Denver, and played on the elevens of the Denver Athletic Club and of the Denver Wheel Club, both clubs that, one way and another, have paid at least some of the members of their teams. In the autumn he started in playing football with the Rush Medical College, and on a sudden went over to Chicago, and was identified thenceforth with that eleven.

Burnett's status, his type, must, I should think, have been always obvious to any sharp-eyed, unprejudiced scrutiny. He could not have hoodwinked an Eastern Faculty committee.

Rogers, one of the tackles, entered the Divinity School in the autumn, coming from Beloit, where he had made his A.B. and played on the college eleven three years. He entered Chicago after inquiries at Northwestern and Chicago Seminary as to assistance rendered theological students, and became a recipient of the aid commonly given needy members of Chicago's Divinity School. There was no evidence of studiousness, and after the final game he too, without explanation, left Chicago, owing his training-table bill.

CAVANAUGH'S case has perhaps the most unfortunate aspect of the lot. He came up in the autumn with such conditions in his work that his right to play was seriously questioned. At the vote of the Board the decision fell upon Stagg. He voted against Cavanaugh's playing. But at the end of six weeks—a "term"—Cavanaugh had seemingly made up his work, and though there was suspicion by the Board that his only incentive to study was the hope of making the team, nothing in the letter of the law prevented, and he played against Wisconsin.

There is no doubt that in these three cases of Rogers, Burnett, and Cavanaugh a clearer conception among the instructors of the ethics of college sport would have revealed the animus of these athletes and discovered the means to keep them off the university team. That there seems to be abundant and sufficient letter of the law the following excerpt out of a communication to me from the secretary of the Council will prove:

REQUIREMENTS TO TEAM MEMBERSHIP AT CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

When a man wishes to become a member of any athletic team of the University of Chicago, he comes immediately under the general legislation of the university governing the public appearance of students. I do not know the rules of other institutions, but I fancy there are few equally and none more severe. No student can appear in any public performance of any sort, as a representative of the university, unless his class-work during the quarter is satisfactory and he has taken a certain specified grade in his work for six months previous.

Upon the student's application for membership upon an athletic team, he is questioned and compelled to sign a statement as to his amateur standing, and fills out a card of application. He is then examined by the university physician, and his card is sent to the university examiner, who looks over his record upon the books of the university. If his record is found to be unsatisfactory, the case goes no farther until he has reinstated himself. If, however, his scholarship is sufficient, his card is then brought to the Board of Physical Culture and Athletics for its action.

In case his card has been marked "approved" by the university physician and the university examiner, and there is no doubt as to his amateur standing, he is accepted as a candidate for the team. Actual membership upon the football team, so far as the seven institutions in the Conference are concerned, is determined by specific rules. A member of the University of Chicago, for instance, who has played half a game against the team of any one of the other six universities of the Conference is regarded as having played a year.

I trust I do not need to assure you that these rules are actually enforced. The Board of Physical Culture and Athletics, which passes upon the application, is a regularly appointed administrative board of the university, composed of members of the faculty. Its work is always liable to revision by the university Council and the congregation or quarterly meeting of all members of the faculty and other persons (not students) connected with the university.

POWER there is—honesty too, I believe—and now the sole need is a little more light to guide the conception, and more practical scholarship and residence rules to quicken justice. And so we shall have Chicago, Wisconsin, Michigan, and the rest in position whence they can accomplish the will which makes for upholding the purest ideals of college sport.

And now we come to Herschberger, a type of college man for whom I have the greatest respect, but whose membership on the Chicago team this year, while teaching in an affiliated school (Princeton-Yale), was a violation of the ethics of college sport. It is too bad his name must be mentioned with those others for whom Chicago has been held responsible, for Herschberger is the antithesis of that type of athletic wanderer of which Burnett and Rogers are disturbing examples.

Herschberger was graduated at Chicago last year with distinction in mathematics; his teaching is for the highly commendable purpose of defraying the expense of his studies for a Ph.D. degree. Unfortunately in this case, as with Holmes (though the counts on which the two are discussed are by no means comparable), the law cannot take motives into consideration. Certainly not for a moment is it supposed that Herschberger's teaching at the Princeton-Yale School has any connection whatsoever with his playing on the Chicago football team. Such a point was never at issue, so far as I know. None the less his teaching in an affiliated school was hostile to the spirit of college sport, though I am quite willing to believe that both he and the Chicago Board were entirely without preconceived guile.

WHILE on the subject of Chicago University, perhaps an excerpt from a letter received from Stagg, in response to inquiries about the help given "indigent" students, may be interesting as well as instructive:

"The only basis I can see at all for such a rumor (that half the football team was on salary) lies in the fact that two or three of our team work out two-thirds of their tuition—viz., $80 out of $120—by doing 'university service,' as it is called. This provision is open to all members of the university upon application, and a considerable part of our students avail themselves of it. It was made to meet the needs of that large body of students who cannot meet the heavy fees charged.

"It takes the place of the 'scholarships for indigent students' furnished at Yale and other Eastern institutions, for poor fellows who must work their way through college, only it is an improvement, in that a man feels that he is paying his way, and the university also gets a return. At Yale we had to make application in person to President Porter and to President Dwight. Here the student presents his application to Secretary Goodspeed.

"The athletic department of Chicago has no more to do with the granting of university service than the athletic association at Yale had to do with my getting a scholarship. The students do their work under the direction of the university Registrar, who gives them credit on their tuition bills according to the number of hours put in by the student, but no student can work out more than two-thirds of his tuition. Most of the work is done at twenty cents an hour; library work brings thirty cents an hour.

"This requires every one to pay at least forty dollars a year. This sum exceeds the regular tuition fee of every one of our rival universities except Northwestern. There are a few scholarships which are awarded wholly on superior attainments in college work."

Of Chicago's football-players in '98 three received "university service," two Divinity School aid—*i. e.*, received tuition free of cost—and two had scholarships.

SO long as the Faculty Board correctly interpret the spirit of the amateur law they may have "university service" to the end of time.

But none will deny that were there misconception of the spirit, much corruption might thrive, and yet the letter of the law be not broken, because Chicago makes the way easier for the would-be transgressor by departing from those Eastern methods that compel the applicant to appear in person before the president of the university. With no disrespect to secretaries, I consider it much wiser to leave the responsibility of such matters with the president.

It all goes to prove, as I have said time and again, that upon the conception by the Faculty of the spirit of college sport, and upon a firm and impartial application of its precepts, depends literally the wholesomeness of university athletics.

The truth of this conclusion is doubly manifest where, as in the Middle West, the student body seems slow in awakening to a fine sensibility of the ethical side of sport.

A RULE adopted recently at the late Faculty Conference of Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, and the others of the "big seven" provides that when a man comes up to one of the universities no previous playing shall be counted against his four years, unless he enter with advanced standing—*i. e.*, unless a man receive university credit for work done elsewhere, his four years are before him. It is easy to see into what abuses this might lead. The Conference was seeking some solution of the difficult and ever-present question of what shall constitute the four years—of what shall be called a "college," and what a preparatory school. It has taken the simplest method, certainly, and I am sure one of its strongest reasons for its adoption was the conviction that by placing thus a very high premium upon *not* receiving advanced credit the present immense annoyance of determining justly upon the allowance of credit for previous and foreign work would be greatly diminished. Foregoing a quarter's credit, to which he may be justly enough entitled, will often lengthen a man's athletic career a full year—a foolish situation. It is another of the evils of the great disparity in rank and character of work among Western educational institutions.

ANOTHER rule recently passed by the Faculty Committee, and one to puzzle the Eastern mind, gives the Committee the somewhat novel power of making exceptions in cases where, in its judgment, the existing rules work injustice. This means that the Committee, having made one set of rules, has now constituted itself a board of review with power to alter any conclusion to which the rules already created may plainly point.

Wisconsin's Faculty Council must have borrowed some such unique power to uphold the eligibility of Holmes.

I have no doubt the Committee conceived in all sense of fairness this rule giving itself power to abrogate its own rules in cases where it thought the verdict too severe—but what undignified legislation, and how dangerous! There is no limit to its menacing possibilities. Not with the personnel of the Conference maintained at its present high mark—but who will guarantee that?

The Committee should use quickly, and for the last time, its newly acquired power by rescinding that recent ruling.

WESTERN college managers are facing again the annual problem of midwinter meets. The difficulty arises from the mixed, often questionable, character of open meets. It is yet an unanswered query in the minds of most university men whether college athletes should compete in open meets, and whether in-door meets, open or closed, are worth while for college men at all. The policy at Wisconsin has been to confine the better men to extremely light work until the out-door days begin, while last year Stagg had all his track candidates trailing through the parks on 'cross-country runs, or practising starts on ice-covered cinders from the very first of January. And this suggests, in passing, that though we have some interest in distance-running, 'cross-country work is in its very swaddling-clothes at Western colleges.

The midwinter meets, however, are an unquestioned fixture. Yet the keenest interest in them is not among college men, but undoubtedly among the young high-school and academy athletes, and in such clubs as the First Regiment Athletic Club of Chicago and the Central Y.M.C.A.

THE point of greatest friction heretofore has been between the A.A.U. and the larger colleges. Last year, in defiance of the legislation of the A.A.U., providing for the payment of a registration fee of one dollar by all athletes participating in open meets, Stagg held an open meet at the University of Chicago, and not the slightest attention was paid to registration with the A.A.U. by the athletes who participated. All were debarred from later meets sanctioned by the A.A.U., but the Union deemed it expedient to promptly rescind this ruling; and now, within the last week, thanks to the insistence of Western college men, the registration fee has been reduced to twenty-five cents.

There should have been no compromise. It but temporarily relieves the difficulty. It were better far if the former condition of estrangement had continued throughout. And this for the very simple reason that college men and those who are not may not nowadays meet on common ground in athletics and the best interests of both be served—a principle which should long since have become axiomatic with college Faculties. There may come a time when the undergraduate and the athlete of the masses—the type at open meets—may do well to run and wrestle and fence together. Democracy demands that it be so, and would indeed that it were! But the day of fulfilment is distant.

THE common bond of athletic proficiency alone is not bond enough. We cannot afford to introduce any new complications. It is interesting to note that under the new registration law a "rubber" at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, upon the payment of one dollar, attained recognition as an amateur, and subsequently competed with college men. Truly the coming in contact with him may have been really beneficent for the college men. No one says they were too good for him. That is not the point. But this is the point, which is clear enough in all conscience—that Western colleges, having more than trouble enough as it is in the maintenance of their own ethical standards, had better fight shy of putting themselves under the judgments of another body whose preachings and whose practices are separated by a gap too wide to be spanned by a tardy if healthful alliance.

THERE is a class of football growing in New York State and elsewhere, and especially in some parts of the Missouri Valley section of the Middle West, that is certain in time to give considerable trouble to colleges and schools, if, indeed, it does not develop into a positive menace to the ethics of their game. It is what may be called county or town football, and is somewhat new in the East—although I witnessed town matches in Kansas so long as four years ago. Considerable local interest is aroused by these contests, and there can be no doubt that the idea of county or town competition is an excellent one, provided the sport can be kept clean, or is avowedly professional, as in England.

The athletic idea should be encouraged in that great mass of young men who, in the provincial districts, fill clerical or factory positions, or earn their livelihood by even less sedentary pursuits. There is no reason why it should not enlarge into various associations of amateur teams; but if its trend is professional, so long as it is honestly professional there is still reason for its encouragement. At present it is neither honestly amateur nor honestly professional. In northern New York, for instance, the teams have been composed of occasional college-graduate players and of local enthusiasts, who either pay their own expenses or are backed by local merchants or others equally interested; and in some instances a small salary is paid especially skilful individuals who are considered as drawing-cards. At the end of the season the profits are divided among the projectors or proprietors of the team, and at times a certain percentage given the players by way of extra compensation.

NOW the menace of such teams lies in the confused idea of ethics that obtains in some collegiate quarters, and the flaunting disregard for them in other directions. The unhappy result is—in New York State, for instance, and I presume to an extent elsewhere—that members of these professional teams have been drifting into the smaller colleges, some of them legitimate students, like full-back Parish of Syracuse University, who played with the Canandaigua eleven; and others, like Storey, Baggerly, and Myers of last year's Buffalo University team, who prior and subsequent to connection with Buffalo played with a Clyde aggregation, and were never seriously considered as legitimate students.

I am asked where is the distinction to be drawn between such men and openly avowed professional athletes, and I reply there is none except in minds honestly confused or wilfully misdirected on the very simple question of ethics in amateur sport.

THESE teams and the men on them have been called semi-professionals, I note, by up-country papers, but they are as much professional as the members of the New York baseball nine—the only difference being in the amount of compensation.

Indeed, semi-professionalism is paradoxical and a meaningless term. There are no degrees of amateurism. A man is either an amateur or a professional. Some of the New York colleges, while admitting the former affiliations of these men, have yet claimed them to be "practically amateurs." But the animus of these colleges is too apparent to warrant reply.

There is no doubt at all of the professional status of men who play on such teams, and they should be prohibited from entering the athletic competitions of colleges which pretend to keep their sport honestly amateur.

This is a question which seriously touches all colleges situated in these professional-team districts, and one upon which prompt and strict action should be taken to save collegiate athletics from general infection. In the West it concerns all the universities of the Missouri Valley, and in New York State it imperils Rochester, Syracuse, Hamilton, Hobart, Union, and Colgate.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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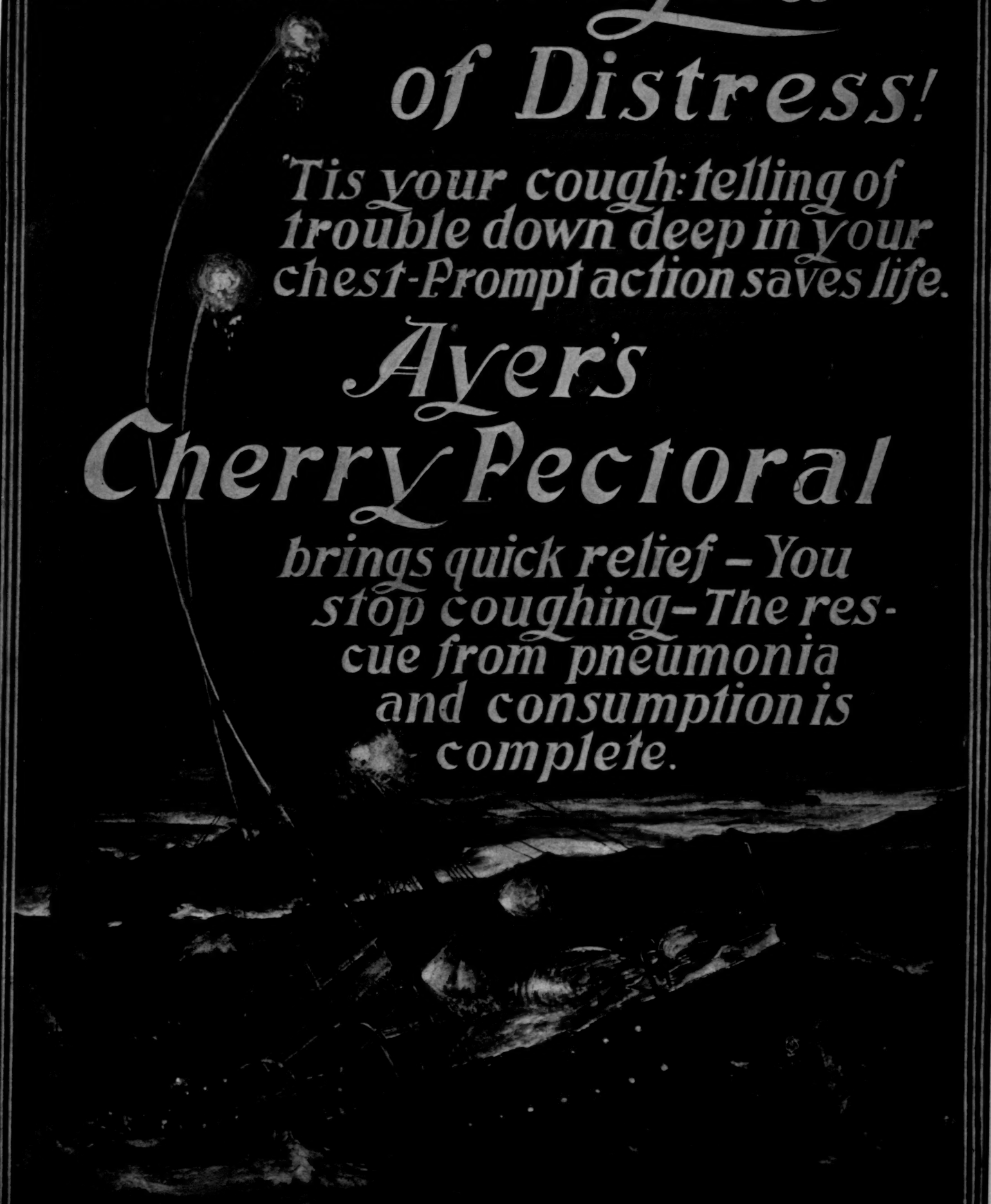

There's nothing so bad for a cough as coughing.